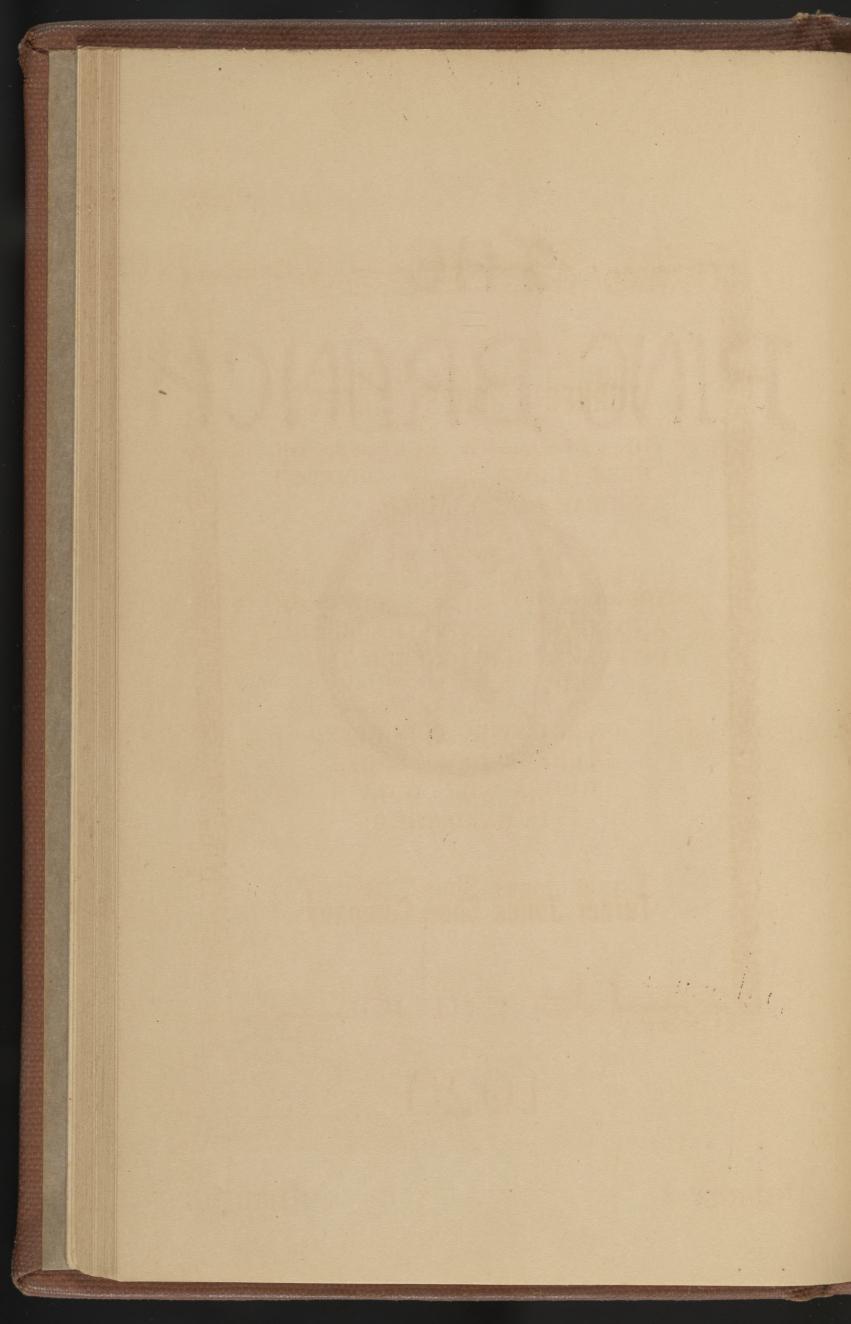
THE PINE BRANCH



December 1920

Dolumn 4

Number 3



SEED CHEE

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The Pine Branch

Subscription, 75c

Issued Monthly

Single Copy, 15c

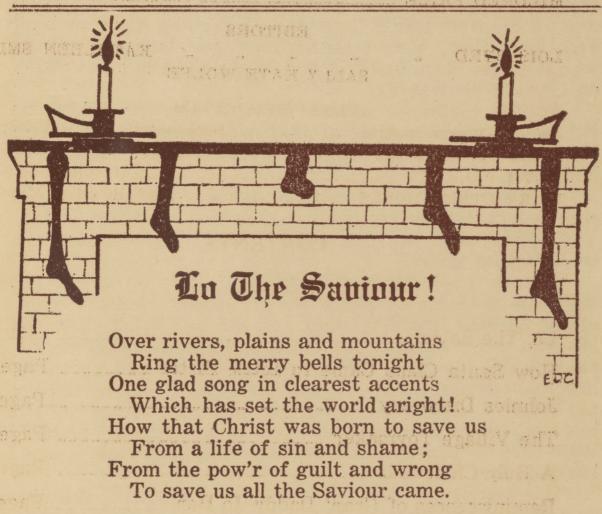
PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF THE SOUTH GEORGIA NORMAL COLLEGE, VALDOSTA, GA.

Accepted for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of Oct. 3, 1917. Authorized Jan. 20, 1919

VOLUME IV

DECEMBER, 1920

Number 3



"Peace on earth, goodwill to mankind,"
Said the Angel's voice that night;
From the sky upon those watching
Shone a wondrous flooding light.
Low he lay in Bethlehem's manger
The Redeemer meek and mild,
Prince of Peace, the Son of God,
He came on earth a little child.

E. Powell.

10 · · · ·

How Santa Claus Came to Little Sister

The conductor slowly made his way through the car, crowded almost to overflowing with men, women, boys and girls, most of them with Christmas packages piled high and a ring of good cheer in their voices. There were mothers and happy-faced children going to grandfather's for Christmas; there were college boys and girls going home on their vacations; there were business men and business women, who for a few days had laid aside their cares to make merry on Christ's birthday.

As the conductor passed through the car taking up tickets the people smiled at him and wished him a merry Christmas so that he caught the spirit and beamed with

happiness.

At the end of the car he found a little boy of about eight years, ragged and dirty, but smiling brightly.

"Hello," said the conductor. "Merry Christmas, kid,

where's your ticket?"

"Please, sir, I ran away and didn't buy no ticket, but will this take me to Santa Claus' house? I don't know where he lives, but I thought you did and could show me. He ain't never come to our house and mamma says it's because we're too poor. But I thought if I could go to see him and tell him about my little sister he'd come to see her any way. I ain't caring about myself. Say, mister, do you know where he lives, and will this take me to his house?" With that he unwrapped a very old, worn dime from a soiled handkerchief.

The conductor puckered his brow a moment, then his face lighted up. He took the dime and replied, "Yes, sonny, I know where he lives and this will take you there. Now

won't you tell me about your little sister?"

And then the boy told of the little girl who was the "sweetest thing, with golden curls and blue eyes," but one little leg was withered and she had to go on crutches. She had no playthings and longed for a doll, but her mother could scarcely buy them enough to eat and their father was dead. Then with deep earnestness the little fellow asked,

1. 7:11

HOW SANTA CLAUS CAME TO LITTLE SISTER

"Don't you think Santa would bring her just a little doll all dressed up if he only knew how sweet she is? I don't need nothing myself, 'cause I'm a boy and can soon make my living, but I want it for her." He spoke bravely, but tears were in his eyes.

"Sure, I think he'll come," the conductor replied. "Now

I must be going but I'll let you know when to get off."

The conductor went back through the car, and if the little boy had noticed, he would have seen him stop and talk earnestly to several people, whereupon sympathetic glances were cast at him. Had he tried, he could have seen one of the brusque business men get off the train at the next town aand in a few minutes board it again. If he could have peeped inside the package the man carried, he would have seen a Santa Claus costume. But the boy, being only a boy, trusting that the conductor would do what he said, and happy with that thought, cuddled down on the seat and fell fast asleep. So he was ignoraant of all that went on around him.

Just as the conductor wished, the child was asleep when the end of his run was reached. He tenderly wrapped the boy in his great coat and carried him through the crowded city to the biggest toy shop in town. When he reached the place he gently woke the little fellow and set him down on a small chair. The boy yawned, rubbed his eyes, opened them, and oh! what joy and astonishment! There he sat surrounded by dolls, doll furniture, balls, tops, marbles, wagons, jumping-jacks and every kind of toy imaginable,

and only a few feet away sat Santa Claus himself!

At first he was too dazed to move, but presently when Santa had held out his arms he rushed to him and told his story. He asked for the doll for "Little Sister" and a present for his mother, and then added apologetically, "Please Santa, don't think I'm greedy, but if you can, won't you bring me a warm coat? Mamma says I can sell papers like the other boys if I had a coat to keep me warm."

Santa promised to bring him all he had asked for and the conductor put him on the train for home, leaving him

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with a big, shining dollar in his pocket.

That Christmas was the happiest the boy and Little Sister had ever experienced, for Santa Claus more than fulfilled his promise. The conductor and the business man were also happier that day than they had been in many years. Can you gess why?

Santa taux as the others were. But as his smaller brothers and si ters were so excited, this fact phased unobserved

Edna Robinson, '22.



that there is not a person place of the minimum of the interest of

Johnnie's Discovery

It was nearing Christmas and the whole household was in confusion. Each member of the family was lending a helping hand toward the Christmas preparations except the smaller ones who were sent out to play. On occasions like this it was annoying to have children around because the main topic of their conversation was nothing but Santa Claus, and of course this in time became monotonous. However, if they had particularly noticed Johnnie, they would have discovered that he was not as enthusiastic over the Santa talk as the others were. But as his smaller brothers and sisters were so excited, this fact passed unobserved. The older members of the family, being busy, hadn't for one moment noticed how the Christmas spirit had dwindled away in Johnnie. He was an unusually bright child and was therefore inclined to think deeper upon some subjects than his playmates of the same age.

It had recently dawned upon Johnnie that there really wasn't any Santa Claus. Of course this thought troubled him a great deal, and he would have been very glad for it to be proved false. This was the real cause of the change that had occurred in him. He suddenly resolved to investigate the matter and find out the truth for himself. He believed he could do so by lying awake Christmas eve night, but he realized that the trouble lay in trying to stay awake. However, he determined to do everything within his power to keep sleep from overtaking him. He began to notice every action of his parents that he thought might enlighten him on the subject, and once in awhile found them favorable

with his newly-made decisions.

On Christmas Eve night he chose the bedroom adjoining the living room in which his stocking was hanging, among all the others. He retired rather late, as he thought the longer he stayed in bed the harder it would be for him to keep awake. Frequently he would ease out of bed and bathe his face with cold water in order that he might stay awake. He thought perhaps that if he lay with his head buried in the pillow, he might not hear as well, so he kept his elbows on the pillow and his head propped in his hands.

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In this position he remained until late hours of the night. The hall clock struck eleven, and yet no sound came from the living room. About eleven thirty a noise sounded near by, as if a sack of fruit had been dropped on the floor. Johnnie sat upright in bed and listened very carefully. "Now is my chance," he thought, and glided cautiously out of bed. When he reached the living room door he knew that it would never do to open it, so he peered through the keyhole. My! what an unexpected sight met his eyes. There was really old Santa carefully filling the stockings. He was covered with furs, and his back was turned toward Johnnie so that his face could not be seen! No longer would he have the least doubts about dear old Santa. He was really ashamed of himself for ever having such a foolish thought.

"I think it is always a safe plan to have on a Santa Claus suit," said Johnnie's father to his wife, after having finished his task, "because you never can tell what's going

to happen."



The Village Toymaker

There's a man in our town, makes wonderful toys,
And he's wrinkled, and old, and wee;
But he's heart and soul a bringer of joys
As ever one could be.
No, we never think of his being old,
Nor care if he's wee;
His kind eyes beam through "specs" of gold,
For his heart, it's as big as me!

He works away at a terrible rate,
Nor does he seem to tire;
He whistles and sings from early till late
As the tops heap up higher and higher,
Till Santa comes on Christmas Eve
To take them all away;
And the maker-man, he doesn't grieve,
But works for the next Christmas Day.

Oh, we love the merry maker-man,
For he is full of glee;
He lets you hold the toy, or can
Of paint, and help, you see.
He sometimes takes you on his knee,
And tells you stories clever,
Of girls and boys and boats at sea,
Oh, may he live forever!

Leo L. Prine, '24.

A Holy Christnas

Little Natalie Thaggard had had a very unhappy life for a child of fourteen years; her father and mother had been separated for twelve years. Part of this time she had been with Daddy Jim, but the other six months of the year she spent with her mother, Madame Geraldine Thaggard, the leading society matron of the big city. Her father was a very quiet man, an invalid now, a retired college professor.

Little Natalie had spent every Christmas with Daddy Jim until this year; her mother had begged so hard through letters for her. Madame Geraldine had planned to give her little girl every pleasure possible. She gave the child a little tea-party with all the boys and girls. Then at night was

to be the big tree.

But little Natalie seemed sad after the children had gone. She went to her room to be alone. She was thinking, of course, this was all wonderful, but so different from all the Christmas's she had spent with Daddy Jim. They had always had a guessing game in the morning about what old Santa had left. Then came the little dinner with just her and Daddy Jim. And the evening was wonderful. They read in The Book about the Christ child, and Daddy Jim always offered his most thankful prayer, and then together they sang "The Carols." And last in the little tenement home was the tree, always little, but so pretty and bright.

All at once she decided to steal out and go to Daddy Jim's; she thought she could be back by dinner. So she slipped down the stairs and out through the conservatory. When she reached home she found Daddy Jim sobbing bit-

terly.

Mother did not miss Natalie until she started to light the tree. She had dinner out. She looked everywhere, but little Natalie was not to be found. She called Natalie's maid. She knew nothing of her; but old Mandy had seen her stealing out.

Madame Geraldine knew at once where she had gone. Oh! how she hated that man. She thought the child had been influenced by her father. She called for her car, and

was driven quickly to the tenement.

A HOLY CHRISTMAS

When she reached the half-open door she heard someone talking so plainly she was forced to stop.

"Well, I knew I wouldn't have my baby with me, so I

haven't planned anything," she heard the man say.

"Well, Daddy Jim, just read our Christmas passage and let's sing. That's what I want to hear."

Then Madame Geraldine stood for a minute longer;

everything was silent.

The man read, "Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea, in the days of Herod the king, behold, there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem". And he read the entire chapter. Then the man and child together sang "Holy Night, Silent Night" there before the dying fire.

Madame Geraldine's heart was touched. Oh! such a wonderful scene, she thought. She walked in and threw her arms around her weary husband, who for years had longed for her return. She promised him and little Natalie that this was the way that they would celebrate every Christmas in the future.

Annie Mae Powell, '22.



Reminiscences of Gran'daddy Io Dan

It was almost bed-time. Gran'daddy Jo Dan had been leaning back in his old straight backed chair, silent for a long, long time, the firelight glistening on his bald old head. Reminiscent chuckles accompanied by a slow, thoughtful stroking of his stubby chin, had set the fires of curiosity raging until the boy could bear it no longer.

"Don't you s'pose you'd better hurry, gran'daddy Jo

Dan? They'll be coming for me directly."

"Lawd bless yo' soul honey! Ain't you gone yit? I declar' I'd plum forgot you was thar, I got so tickled thinkin' 'bout th' time yo' daddy run th' excitin' footrace that set everybody talkin', wonderin' if he aint got some them furrin Greek fo' bears."

The little boy's eyes gleamed and he rose to go over and cuddle on the floor by gran'daddy Jo Dan's chair, resting a heavy little head on the old darky's blue-jeans knee.

"My daddy? Tell me, gran'daddy Jo Dan."
"Sho chile. T'row on anudder lightard knot, an' den whilst de oak burns down to little ghos' ashes we'll cheat ol' man Frosty-face an' talk. Lissen heah, John Keith. Does yo' know whut goes wid de smoke dat goes a-bilin' out de chimley dere?"

"No, uncle Jo Dan. What?"

"Sh-h, chile! Better ta'k low. Aint you done seen dem places in ol' fields and ol' roads whut aint traveled much, whar de smoke lays heavy on nuttin'? Aint you done wondered how come hit don' melt away stid of hangin' dar, sullen-like? Dat smoke am bewitched, honey, an' you better nebber bodder 'bout hit. Hit plays along wid de high wind ontell de spell hits hit, den hit cain't fly no more, 'case de witches am a-hidin' dere. An' depen' on hit, w'en you sees smoke actin' dataway dere's somepin gonna take place, an' mischief's afoot. Somebody's shore to lose a good cl' cow what's been in de family for years, or all de chickens'll take de sorehead, or somepin equally bad."

The little boy edged closer and looked a little fearfully out where the black night grinned through the

REMNISCENCES OF GRAN'DADDY JO DAN.

cracks in the window shutters. "But th' race, Gran'daddy?"

"My lan' sakes, yes! De race! Well, hit was dis away, John Keith, an' yo' aint t' go tell yo' daddy I done exposterlated all dis t' you, 'ca'se he mought say dis ol' nigger let off his ol' mouf too much." The old man paused an interminable minute, while the little boy squirmed. Then in a

dreamy, far-away voice, the tale went on.

"Law, chile, but aint hit funny how near to now dat time seems! You know, mebbe, dat yo' ma was—well, de purtyest, jollyest, slenderest gal in th' neighborhood, an' dat sweet! Ebery fool boy in de place was flockin' atter her ontell she kaint see no peace, day nor night, 'tell she marry yo' paw to get rid of 'em. But dis what I'm a-tellin' of you was in de oncertain days. She haint eggzactly said 'no,' an' she haint nigh said 'yes,' neither. Co'se dats jest w'at sets a man's blood a-jumpin' an' he's gonna make her say, one way or t'other, at the mos' immejiate moment.

"Miss Ellen had looked powerful lubbley dat evenin', I know, ca'se I seed her jes' a-fore he cum, she wid her blue eyes and a rose stuck in her hair. An' yore paw was steppin' it off rale lively, whistlin' a snatchy li'l tune f'r comp'ny as he went. Sudden, he heer sumpin' holler. Well now, mebbe I done tole you Marse John lived 'bout two an' a ha'f miles out in th' kerntry on his own plantation. He had done got clean away fr'm th' settlement by dis time, an' was a-makin' a short cut t'ru de pine saplins, w'en he heerd dis ongodly scream. Fust t'ing he t'ought was 'somebody's los',' so he up an' answered hit.

"'Who-ee-ee!' yelled yo' paw.

An' like a pistol shot come back th' reply, mournful-like:

'Who-ee-ee!' Hit was ondoubtedly a human voice.

"Yo' paw stopped an' lissened. Den he whistles long an' loud, wid a funny li'l mockin-bird warble at de en', which was de signal call of de boys tharbouts. But he ain't git no return. He ponders 'bout hit f'r awhile, den he goes on, 'cidin' dey done foun' a way out, somewhar. He whistles a li'l harder and louder atter dat, dough, c'ase, ginst his will, he 'members how dat man got los' in dem same piney woods; an' he aint got out yit! An' some say he died a turruble def of starvation, an' nuttin' t' drink but swamp ooze and branch water. Some do say dere's a glimpse of

THE PINE BRANCH

shapeless white dar, sometimes, to dis good day. Mebbe dat 'counts w'y dem woods aint nebber been cut. I 'low I aint wasted no time roun' dar, myself."

The little boy watched with restless, brilliant eyes, dyed with excitement, as the old man dexteriously cut off a chew of tobacco, fitted it in his jaw, then deliberately wiped the

old I.X.L. on his trousers. At last, he continued:

"By-m by, jes as Marse John done enter de darkest patch er shadders in de whole long stretch, he hear dat same blood curdlin' cry—only closer dis time. Well, he jest grabbed courage by de ha'r of de haid, an' puffed a little harder at de cigar he done lit against usual custom, an' answered again.

"'Who is you? Whut you want? Does you need he'p?

He-oo-O-wee!"

"An' like a slap in de face cum a shriek, a man shriek or a beas' shriek, yo' paw kaint tell w'ich, but hit shore is lonesom'. Yo' paw's heels 'gin t' itch, c'ase hit ain' sounded berry fur away dis time. But he make hisse'f stop an' lissen close, close—one more time. Sudden, he heers hit again —beggin', pleadin', a cry of pain an' misery. Then following hit, anudder one, a laugh, like, mockin' an' biggety, c'ase Its mos' kotch up, an' dis one haint waited for no answer. An' den. . .an' den! yo' paw done caught on. He cuss hisse'f f'r a sof' hearted young fool, an' gin to make motions towards home, right away quick. His ears got sort o' per naterally sharpened, an' he hears somepin' come,

"'Lopety-lope! Lopety-lope!' close behine him. Yo' paw he aint foolin' hisse'f none 'bout his chances now. He knows hit's ol' man panter, hisse'f, an' devil take de hin'most. But it 'pear likes he kaint make no headway 'tall. He run 'tell de bref's smashed clean out his body, an' his heart's a-thumpin' so hard he kaint see whar he's a-goin'; an' yit th' way stretches a fur ways ahead of him yit. He

can heah dat stiddy,

"'Splickety-split, splickety-split!' gainin' an' a-gainin'.

. He lose his hat; his ha'r stan' stiff in de win'. But he's still a-holdin' dat rose Miss Ellen give him at partin' time. He take long, high jumps; he hurdle; he give funny li'l skips an' hops like ol' Peter Rabbit w'en he's skeered; he lay hisse'f near 'bout flat on th' groun' an' bust de shadders, an' streak tru de light places, an' he's a-nearin' home

The state of the same.

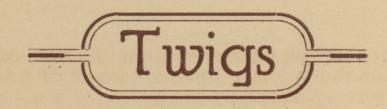
REMNISCENCES OF GRAN'DADDY JO DAN.

at las'. But ol' man Panter's a-nearin' too. He kin hear his feet go up and down, up and down, eatin' de yards between. Yo' paw's feet hit de grass in front of de house. He feels ol' panter's bref at his back. He's skeered co look roun', he aint got time to holler; all yo' paw kin do is—run! One mo' longin' hungerin' cry ol' panter makes an' den he leaps! Yo paw—you mos' los' yo' paw den, honey. But Gawd be praised, at dat same time yo' paw " leaped too! He aint seen th' gates. He roll ober de fence, and don'tech nary board. He heah ol' panter's disappointed whine, an' heah him tackle de fence. But yo' paw, he ain't waitin' any f'r him. He's still a-goin. He busts tru de front doah, and don' take no trubble t' tiptoe; he dives f'r de stairs, and goes like a lightnin' flash up 'em, bang, sping! He hits one step and skips five, an' w'en he gits to de stair doh at de top, he locks hit twice. Den he shoots in his own room, an' don' take a long breff ontell hit's barricaded too. Den. . . he looks out de winder, an' prays a li'l prayer, as he sees ol' panter skulking off inter de shadders, madder'n a wet hen, an' cheated of his supper. Not ontell den does he see de li'l rose, crumpled up in his han', and 'member yo' ma's still alive. She laugh an' say she kin fergive him dat, dough, as he aint never took up no time wid panters since dat night."

At that minute the door opened, and the hero of the story, a grave, twinkle-eyed man, walked in, hoisted the little boy to his shoulder, and offered him a high ride home.

Helen Allen, '21.





Uncle Ive

In a quaint little hut among the roses, on the banks of the Potomac, just outside a small village, lived an old man which youth had long ago passed by, carrying with it the golden locks, leaving silver ones instead. His eyes had grown dim, but there shone within them a sad but sweet expression. He was known over the village as Uncle Joe, the "Toy Maker," who was dearly loved by children. He and his only companion, "Faithful," (his dog) had lived here alone for many years. Every one had often wondered what led this good old man to live such a lonely life, but no one dared to question him. He has never idle, for when he was not at work in his little garden he was making toys. It was always his greatest pleasure to huddle down in his good old arm chair before a cozy fire and make toys for the poor children of the little village who had long been forgotten by Santa Claus, while his good old companion "Faithful," as usual, was sniffing at his feet.

There were two little children of the village who proved to be the favorites of Uncle Joe. They were little Alice and Joe Blackshire, who were often seen on Uncle Joe's knee, listening to some good old fairy tale. So as the years passed by and Uncle Joe grew more feeble, little Alice became old enough to notice the sad expression on his face

that had drawn the attention of older people.

So one day while she was with him she noticed tears in his eyes.

"Uncle Joe," she said, "why do you always look so sad

wy . your th.

and gaze at me so hard?"

He only smiled with the same sad expression and said, "Little Alice, it is just a few days before Christmas, and when you come to receive the presents I have for you, I will tell you what you wish to know."

TWIGS

After many long days of waiting, the time came for her to hear the story she so much wished to hear, for she thought more of this than the pretty gift she was to get. So she arose early Christmas morning and made her way toward the little cottage, where she found Uncle Joe waiting for her. So after bidding him a happy Christmas, she sat down on the little stool at his feet to listen to the story

he had to tell, which began like this:

"Long ago when I was a handsome young man, I loved and wooed a beautiful young girl, who had golden curls and big blue eyes just like your own, and her name was Alice, too. Just a few months before I was to take her with me to our cozy little cottage, I was called to the front, where I remained for three years. Yet she was faithful in writing to me until about six months before I returned home, when her letters ceased to come. On my return I found that my little blue-eyed Alice had proved false and married another."

Here his voice trembled and he ceased to speak, but arose and went to his desk, where, from a very small box he removed a locket which contained the picture of the blue-eyed girl he had been speaking of. This he slipped around little Alice's neck. Then after giving him a real hug and kiss she returned home to her mother.

But oh! what an awful pang swept through her heart when she saw the picture in the locket, for she recognized the picture as her own mother who had so seriously wrecked Uncle Joe's life.

Myrtle Sasser.

Hule Tides

Oh! happy thought. Only a short time until Christmas. What wonderful things that one word makes you think of—for it is then the lords and ladies of ye olde English Time come to dance the stately minuet at our Christmas Festival.

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This is the time when in the wee sma' hours tiny reindeer hoofs tap upon the roof, and dear old Santa steals silently down the chimney with his joy-giving freight. And all over the land fat turkeys spread their tails in anguish at thoughts of the morrow. 'Tis then that small boys steal around sniffing the air and smacking their lips significantly. Think! O, ye olde and wise folk who seem to have passed the age of Christmas, how much joy this time brings to young and old alike—and especially to college girls.

Julia Daniels.

A REMINISCENCE OF HAPPY HOURS

Such a question! (Salary, one is wandering along, drift

Days of my childhood, happy days, hallowed days, when from morning 'till night I roamed about with a care-free, happy heart. Days gone beyond recall, tho' in my thoughts I often say, Oh take me back to childhood days, to childhood ways, to childhood plays, when there never broke a morn too soon or brought too long a day. I was happy all the day through, but never were there happier hours than the two from six to eight o'clock in the evening that our grandfather gave to us each day.

He was our toy-maker. I can see him now as he sat in his old chair, which had done service so many, many years, singing in his deep voice or telling us stories as he worked

Those two hours of the day! I would that I could paint that picture as I see it now. We sat one on each side of him, leaning on his knee as we watched every movement of his hands. And the poy that knew no bounds when he had finished a new jumping-jack, soldier, boat or wagon and how impatiently we waited the drying of the paint on those things. But never was there a happier moment than when he had finished a doll for me.

Often have I marveled at the wonderful things he made, but he molded them with his infinite care, made them beautiful with his love. Love is the secret of all success. We must put love into everything we wish to be beautiful, and love must enter into everything we do that we wish to be worth while.

Florence McWilliams.



Why Finish College?

Such a question! Calmly, one is wandering along, drifting, obeying orders, taking life as it comes, an unwitting toy of circumstances, when—bang! comes the cool, calculating query, a shaking from slumberous dreams, "Why are you going to school? Why get one lesson after another through the chattering cold of winter nights and the smothering heat of early summer? Why sit in the judgment seat at the judgment bar from the cross, too-soon-awakened morning to the long breath taken at eventide? And with the sword of Damocles hanging at the breaking point over your whirling head, until even sweet sleep, "sleep which knits the raveled sleave of care," is shot through with fitful gleams of the coming tomorrow and another reckoning!"

"Why—er—ah—I've always gone to school. Mother wanted me to. Oh, ah, you know—Mary came. We-ll, one naturally goes to college after high school, doesn't one?

Oh, I just came!"

Logical reason! But how many of us would search desperately around for one of the same brand? Why? To begin with, college is the dream of every normal girl, and if midnight feasts, fudge and forbidden frolic paint more than one splash of color into the dream, what of that? Would not college be a dull place, and later a worm-eaten memory were it not for the young care-freeness, the just-good-to-be-alive spirit which those same things embody?

But there is more than feasting. Once there were certain foolish virgins—it was easier to loaf luxuriously mentally than to trouble to procure oil for their lamps. But lo, the bridegroom came, and their vessels were empty; the

* the property of the

THE PINE BRANCH

soul of their lamps, the spirit of flame, was gone, and there was naught of the oil to make it live again. Tragedy! Yet how many a young girl follows the line of least resistance, a devotee to the all-absorbing present, until some day, unexpectedly, a place in the rank and file of those who serve is offered her; great honor, perhaps, and certainly the opportunity for carrying on, but she hasn't the oil, she isn't efficient; she's played while some one else was getting ready for the big things of life. It passes her by. Preparation is essential and college offers the means, therefore "Go to college, young woman; go to college!"

College is an agent, a life insurance agent. Even if a girl hadn't the splendid hunger for independence she should remember that the possibility of being a parasite may some day be removed. There may not always be someone to provide the material things of food and raiment, and even butterflies must have wings to flit on; so why not take advantage of this most unusual agent's offer and insure the

ability of living independently?

And more. The vast vistas college opens up to the eyes of the seer! The glimpses tantalizing, thrilling, inspiring, into the glorious future, a future the competent may help to mold into one even more wonderful. A college education is necessary for any walk of life; the business woman, the writer, the artist in any line, the teacher, director of young destinies, the mother, all need the broadening, uplifting, strengthening influences of college life. Not long ago I heard a young lady say, "What do I care if I flunk? I'm going to get married. I see no use in going to school." I felt like laying a calming hand on her shoulder and saying, Don't ever be too sure. Even if you marry, all your problems aren't solved. Marriage isn't exactly a free ride through life—surprising circumstances sometimes take the helm, and the skill, the art of adjustment, the capability education gives, are supports to be appreciated, and the guidance of fresh, clean little lives, is that an immature girl's job?

With the good influences steadying, where's a better

place to grow to womanhood?

Helen Allen.



Most Ad and a ALUMNAE NOTES! and off to what

as percend her; great honor, perhaps, and certainly the op-

Won't you please write us and tell us where you are and what you are doing? We would like to know when you expect to come to see us. If you can't come, you can boost

us where you are.

What is our duty to Alma Mater, who has done so much for us? Do we know? Surely we do, and the result of our backing is seen in the student body. So just keep our good work up, and do it with more enthusiasm. We have a new building, and that's a sign we are growing.

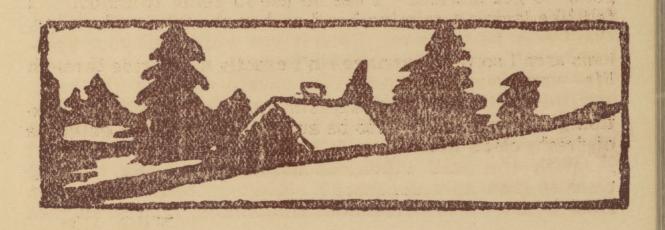
The Alumnae treasurer would appreciate our hearty response to her request for dues. Of course, we'll co-operate.

All of us here enjoyed Thanksgiving to the fullest extent, and we truly hope that you did too.

Miss Edith Smith, of St. George, Fla., came to see us this month.

Sincerely yours,

Mattie Campbell.





The O'Possum Hunt.

Wednesday night, Nov. 24, Mr. Powell entertained the student body and faculty at the annual o'possum hunt. We left the dormitory about seven o'clock, rambled through the woods about three hours and brought home two of the wicked varmints. We did not find them tied to trees, either. We came back by Mr. Clayton's, where we had plenty of cane, and Mrs. McGarrah was there with the eats. Then we came home tired but happy, after a grand and glorious outing.

Candy Pulling.

Mr. Powell gave us a very pleasant surprise on Nov. 13, by a candy pulling at Mr. Clayton's. When we got there we found plenty of cane, on which we at once made a raid.

While waiting for the candy, as we sat around the fire, we had several readings. Helen Allen gave a very appropriate one, "Seeing Things at Night."

priate one, "Seeing Things at Night."

Mr. Wood and Miss Gallaher cooked the candy, and it was delicious. We spent a delightful evening, and don't care how soon we do it again.

Societies.

The societies had their regular program meetings Saturday night, November 20. The program of the Soronian Society was as follows:

Piano Solo _______ Hazel Perry Current Events ______ Sadie B. Houston Duet _____ Kathleen Hutchinson, Lilla B. Hughes

Twenty-one

LOCALS

Debate—"Resolved,	There	should	be a	an	educational	test as
a qualification for vo						

Affirmative	Negative
Estelle Barker	Ruby Meeks
Margaret Chastain	Lila Duncan

TITCAT POST OF	CYTOMO ACCTA		
Reading		Annie Mae	Powell
Tromuing			
70 11		7/10	Cabh
Reading		Marv	Cobb
Itcauing			0000

	The program for Argonian Society was as follows:
Sto	ry of Jason and the Golden FleeceVirginia Peeples
Re	ding Ethel Newsome
Pia	no SoloSallie Lou Powell
	fo'd Mirror" C. B. Sharpe

On Thanksgiving afternoon the ladies of Lee Street Baptist church gave a reception for the girls of S. G. S. N. C. who attend their church. A very enjoyable entertainment was presented, and delicious refreshments served. We all thank those who so graciously extended thier hospitality to us.

Camera Club.

The Camera Club has had most interesting subjects for discussion in the last two meetings. Also some experimental pictures have been tried, with successful results. The program for Nov. 13 is as follows:

Time Exposure _____B. McConnell Flashlight Pictures _____M. Small

The program for Nov. 27, the next meeting, was exceedingly interesting in that it involved taking one's own picture.

the ball of the control of the contr	
Taking Your Own Picture	E. Norris
SilhouetteJ	
Animals Taking Own Picture	
	Breedlove
PrintingM.	Dieedlove

ATHLETIC NOTES

At the regular meeting of the Athletic Association the schedule for basket ball was read out, and is now posted. Miss Campbell is an excellent coach and gives us much "pep" and "go," as she is so full of life herself.

The girls who will enter the dashes on Field Day are doing track work now and are supposed to average fifteen minutes each day.

Twenty-two



Catherine "Oh thank you; but I didn't know they were Directly Descended. To equit said the equit

Mr. Shanks: "Who was Edward III, Miss Lang?"

Bebe: "Son of Edward II."

Webster's Rival.

New Girl: "Are you going to festiver tonight?" Old Girl: "Festival? We don't have that until Christmas."

New Girl: "Why, I thought we had festiver every Thursday and Sunday night."

Musical or Otherwise.

Hallie: "We had a good time up town at that meeting the other night."

Virginia: "How do you happen to be a member of the

Valdosta Musical Association?"

Hallie, disgustedly: "It wasn't any musical association; it was the Y. W. C. A. cabinet!"

All Through the Night.

Virginia, chewing gum at setting-up drill: "Goody, Evelyn, you haven't your gum this morning."
Evelyn: "Goody, I had mine all during the night."

Sheep Are Out of Date.

Mr. Shanks: "Where did the French get their wool, Miss Lang?"

Bebe: "Made it."

Twenty-three

JOKES

Evidently Not Italian.

Girl, at supper table: "Please pass the forghetti."

Out of Season.

Catherine: "Won't you have some of the raisins?"
Velma: "Oh thank you; but I didn't know they were
ripe at this time of year."

A Sympathetic Nature.

New Girl, in dining room: "What is that making such a noise?"

Old Girl: "It's the dumb waiter."

New Girl: "Don't he make a pitiful sound. Poor fel-

Yes, Chaucer Wrote Gray's "Elegy," Too!

Mr. Wood: "What does Ciceronianism mean?"
Miss Daniels: "Works of Shakespeare."

Post Mortem Needed.

Sallie Lou Powell: "Mr. Shanks, isn't the Pope dead?"

Mr Shanks: "No, I don't think so."

Sallie Lou: "But I thought he got killed during the war."
Mr. Shanks: "Well, if he got killed, he might be dead."

Wonders of Astrology.

Miss Mendelssohn: "If you go down into a well, you will see stars, because it's so dark down there."

Rena Mae: "Just look around and see the stars?"

low."

THE PINE BRANCH

"If East is West," Then Night is Day.

Erma Barco, reading from paper: "Mrs. Fred Miller went to Quitman to be present at the twilight wedding of Miss ——"

Myrtle Milton: "I wish I might get up at five o'clock just to get married."

To Be Correct, Guess Them All.

Miss Campbell: "Evelyn, what is an isosceles triangle?" E. Perry: "One with no side equal; no, I mean with all sides equal. Oh, I know, it's one with two sides equal."

Miss Campbell: "Well, that's right; how did you know?"

E. Perry: "Er—I just guessed it."

Water Wings-a la Duck.

Advanced physics class was trying to discover difference between a duck and a chicken, as former will not sink in water. Suggestion from Miss Rizer: "Maybe the duck folds up his feet, so he won't sink."

Wanted: a Word.

Ruth Harrell: "My hair sure is rough! It needs—aw! what do you say when you mean 'hairing the horse?" "Evelyn Powell: "Naw, currying is what you mean!"

Maid of All Work.

Mildred, thoughtfully: "I wonder if Eppie could copy this before breakfast?"

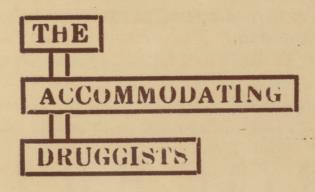
Evelyn Powell: "Don't know, she has to wait on the dining room."



Twenty-five

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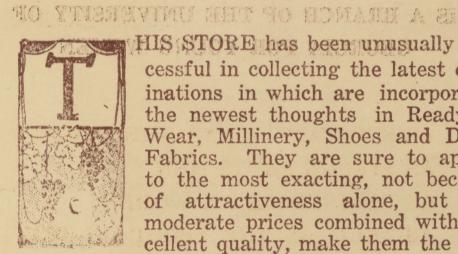


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