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# THE PINE BRANCH



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# The Pine Branch

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## The Spendthrift

I strung my days in childish pleasure  
As ripe red berries on a string;  
With sun and wind and silver showers  
Upon my head, I'd laugh and sing.

The deep woods seemed to love my coming,  
The dogwood bent its lovely head;  
And gathering lavishly wild flowers,  
I'd push a day upon the thread.

I lived my days with careless freedom  
Nor heeded I the way they went.  
Each rich and vivid scarlet-shining,  
How could I guess them nearly spent?

There came a time of surging rapture  
Not just of woods and wind and sun.  
Like butterflies my thoughts went dancing,  
For Love a golden lilt had run.

But O for simple gypsy-gladness—  
For childish joy and countryside!  
My love is gone. My days are withered,  
And Life's red berries browned and dried.  
Helen Allen, '21.



## The Easter Lily

Dave, the bachelor, and Bobby, his ten-year-old nephew, were sitting on the front door-steps of Dave's cottage. It was a beautiful spring day with a quiet stillness pervading everything. Neither of the two had spoken for some time. Once or twice Bobby had ventured to ask a question, but had received only a grunt in response. Finally he rose, stretched himself and went and stood in front of Dave.

"Uncle Dave," he said, as he dug his bare toes into the soft earth, "Uncle Dave, why won't you talk to me?"

"I'm sad today, old sport, and don't feel like talking."

"Are you sad because mamma and I are going home tomorrow? We'll come back, you know."

Dave smiled. "Well, I do hate to see you leave, but I think I'm sad because it's spring."

"O——h, why I thought that spring was the time to be happy. My mamma says it is, 'cause the birds come back and sing for us, the flowers bloom again, and Easter comes in the spring. That's the time when Christ came alive again, and mamma says all the lilies and other flowers come alive again at that time. Today I saw that old turtle that I thought was a rock go walking out in the sunshine. And I've seen just lots of flowers coming up in the yard."

"But," protested Dave, "the flower of my heart will never begin living again."

"I don't know 'bout that, Uncle Dave. It must be something awful, and I'm sorry you are sad."

"I knew you wouldn't understand. But come, it's getting late. Let's go feed the pigs." Bob was delighted and soon forgot all about "Uncle Dave's flower."

The next day Bobby and his mother took their leave of Dave and his sister, who lived with him, promising to return just before Easter.

The child was happy to be at home again. Everything had changed a great deal during his absence. He ran about looking here and there for springing flowers, listening to the birds and watching them build their nests. He soon found his way into the garden and to his delight the strawberries



## THE EASTER LILY

were beginning to ripen. He rushed into the house and told his mother.

"Yes," she said, "I found them before you. Don't you want to pick a little basketful of them to carry to Miss Lily?"

Miss Lily was a dear little woman of about thirty years, whom all the children loved. Bobby always liked to carry her present, so he gladly picked a basket of the biggest berries he could find and carried them to his friend, with a kind note from his mother.

Miss Lily met him with open arms, for she had missed him the several weeks he had been away. She brought out cream and sugar and together, sitting on her cool porch, they ate the delightful berries. Bobby told her what a good time he had on his visit and how glad he was to be at home again. Then he began talking of the flowers that were beginning to grow and of the birds that he was watching.

"Miss Lily, don't you just love the spring?" he asked.

"I used to love it, dearie, but now it makes me feel lonely and sad."

"Oh, Miss Lily, aren't grown-up folks funny? Uncle Dave said that he was sad in the spring time and when I told him I thought he should be happy because everything came alive again, he said the flower of his heart would never come alive again. Do you know what that meant, Miss Lily?"

"Perhaps," she replied, and the boy did not notice her pallor when she asked, "What is your uncle's other name, Bobby?"

"Oh, his name is David Hawthorne, but everybody just calls him Dave."

Miss Lily got up and walked into the house very quickly. When she returned she brought Bobby some oatmeal cookies, and this to him accounted easily for her absence.

"Bobby, when are you going back to see your uncle?"

Bobby swallowed a big bite of the cookie. "Mamma says we'll go back just before Easter time, for she always likes to go to church in A—— at that time. I do too, for I have a new suit, and we go and sing such pretty songs, and they have the prettiest flowers. The lilies are the prettiest of all. I just love Easter lilies, don't you? But Uncle Dave



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won't ever go to church on Easter. I think my mamma knows why, but I don't."

"I think I know why, too, Bobby. I wonder if you can keep a secret until Easter?" Bobby nodded affirmatively in his quaint, serious way, and Miss Lily continued, "A long time ago, as many years as you are old, I loved a man that, to me, was the best man in the world. We were to be married on Easter Sunday, but about two months before that time we quarreled. We both lost our tempers and parted very angry. I told him I never wanted to see him again. He went to England and I stayed in Arkansas with my aunt several months, then coming here to live. I'd never heard a word from David until now; I thought he was dead."

"Was Uncle Dave that man, Miss Lily?"

"Yes, Bobby, but be sure you keep it a secret. I'm going to write to your uncle. Do you suppose he'll reply?"

"You bet he will," said the boy, and then ran home as happy as he could be. He tried hard to keep his secret, but finally with Miss Lily's consent, he told his mother, for as he said, she could keep things so much better than he could.

That Easter was the happiest the people of A—— had ever seen. There were more flowers, prettier music and a better sermon at the church than ever before. Best of all, there was a wedding.

As Bobby walked proudly home with his Uncle Dave and new Aunt Lily, he looked up into the man's face and said, "Has the flower of your heart come alive, Uncle Dave?"

"Yes, Bob, all thanks to you, the sweetest flower that ever grew is alive again!" And in a tone only for her he added, "My Easter Lily!"

Edna Robinson, '22.



## Little Macks St. Patrick

Several small children were playing on the floor in the nursery of a New York orphan asylum. It was raining and some of the children were quarreling because they could not go outside to play.

Little Mack, an Irish boy, who was usually the most optimistic child in the home, was looking very glum. He spoke dolefully, "Well, I sho' don't like to play drawing all the time. I wish it would stop raining, seems like it is trying to rain till Judgment Day."

"Ah, Mack, come away from that window, don't you know it will never quit if you keep looking at it?"

"Could you hush? I'm trying to think."

He thought on for a minute and then cried joyfully, "Isn't this Thursday? St. Patrick's coming. Oh, I had forgotten almost. I don't care if you do rain," and he made a wry grimace at the elements.

"Gee! I wonder what time it is?" cried Mack, as he ran out of the door. "I bet it's almost time for him to come."

Mack ran down the stairs, calling Ikie, his buddy. Ikie hellowed back to Mack, "I'm in the back yard, hurry up, St. Patrick's coming down the street."

Both little boys were firm believers and very enthusiastic readers of the heroic acts of St. Patrick. Both being Irish, they almost swore on oath that they remembered seeing him once in a dream before they came from home, but now they had a real sure-nough St. Patrick who came to see them.

I fear very much whether the valiant saint would have felt complimented if he could have seen the man they called "St. Patrick." He was in reality an organ-grinder, with a monkey that was absolutely wonderful in the boys' eyes. The organ-grinder was Irish, too, and had become very much attached to the boys. He always brought them treasures from the baker's shop and showed them all kinds of tricks, and seemed on the whole a most marvelous person to them.

This afternoon when the boys reached the back gate, they saw their hero coming toward them from the barn.

"Hi, partners," he hailed them, "come on down here."

At the barn he took out the goodies, and they had a won-



## THE PINE BRANCH

derful feast. Then St. Patrick brought out a new trapeze from his big sack and showed the boys how to rig it up in the barn. Oh, the stunts they did perform! The boys were supremely happy and the man's eyes brightened as he watched them.

After awhile, St. Patrick told them he must go, but promised to be back the next Thursday. The boys reluctantly watched him prepare to go on the round again.

"St. Patrick, we have had the goodest time of all today. But this home ain't such a bad place after all since you come every week. Man, you just make things good."

"Well boys, I enjoy it, too; I'll see you next Thursday."

St. Patrick was gone, and Irish faith and the brotherhood of Irish hearts had cheered each other.

Annie Mae Powell, '22.



## Lotus Eaters

"I could scream and die." A group of college girls were gathered around the breakfast table. "If I ever get away from this place back to lights and music and dancing, I'll never come home until morning again."

"Me for the glad rags. How 'bout you? This putting on uniform day after day has a sameness that drives me wild. Oh-h- I can picture myself tired out with social demands, but ready to go again, in a clinging black evening dress, all trailing draperies and mystery; a train that suggests the woman of the world, and at the corsage just one great flaming flower for a splash of color. Don't you think it goes with my dark eyes and hair—my personality? And I must have a fan—black ostrich—to wave languidly as if the entire universe were an awful bore. I just must!"

"Aw, cut it, Heloise. Pass the bacon, won't you? Angeline's been holding it at you an hour. Gee, but I'd give the world for just one large-sized bite of strawberry short cake and whipped cream. Oh! . . . Here's my fork. Stab me before I die of voraciousness. I know this gravy came out of a can, and we've had grits until I rustle in the wind like a stalk of corn. But 'the lion must eat' and my appetite goes roaring around in search of food. It will be the death of me yet. Winifred, why don't you eat? Reducing?"

"Yes, I am—truly. Why my sleeves flap like capes they've grown so loose, just in the last week. I always take lemonade, sour, when I'm downtown now. I fairly ache for sweet things, but if only once I could look in the mirror and see myself a slender, willowy creature, sugar would mean a small thing in my scheme of existence. I'm sick and tired of stripes and tailored clothes. I look at Mme. Madelon's window and am literally crucified with desire for ruffly white things—all meant for the 'girlish' figure. All my prayers begin and end with, 'Let me be thin.'"

"'And I was thin.' " Angeline tucked up a stray curl and wrinkled her nose at Winifred, turning to a spare, fastidiously neat girl at her left. "Harriet, what do you know about that philosophy? I declare you study all the time. Never see you unless you're nursing a book. What do you get out of it? Remember, old girl, you're letting the rest of the world go by."

"Well," Harriet gave her a wintry, abstracted smile, "you



## THE PINE BRANCH

know some day I hope to fill the chair of some great university, and have learners come to my feet from all the world—oh, if I might do that,” the feverish light of idealism burned in her eyes, “I would count the world—everything—well lost.”

“Humph. Have to get a move on you if you ever fill any chair. Leave that to Winifred, she has trouble in finding them big enough.”

Winifred delayed the alternation of dry biscuit and water long enough to retort, “Well! a bean-pole’s gotta lot o’ room to talk. Your father’s already waxing rebellious at the amount of your bill for cocoa butter each month, and I can still see the frame work of your neck showing through.”

“Oh, don’t fuss over such material things as clothes, food, figures, girls, and dusty book fossilisms. Did any of you, by chance, hear Chaponi sing last Thursday night? Divine! The voice of a god. I could starve and never feel a pang; I could freeze to death, and die happy. I could wear a homespun gown my great grandmother wove, and feel myself beautiful—if only Chaponi sang!”

“Chaponi?” a plump, merry-eyed little blonde smiled over her teacup. “Oh, I admit his voice was nice, and his eyes, when he sang *Senorita Mia* made me think of Dick. By the way, I had a letter from Dick last night. They wait a thousand years to bring the mail around, you know. I had been poking my head out the door since noon, nearly. But when it came, it was worth it. Music? Say, you oughta see how Dick writes. Always makes me feel like a book-heroine. He writes letters with a lilt to ’em, and the funny thing is, he means every word! Oh, I know, because he’s told me so a hundred times. No doubt of that—though I never let Dick know I believe him. It makes a girl seem too easy to a man. But as for Chaponi, I would consider myself just as much an artist making biscuit for Dick—(though I never really get up before he’s been in the office two hours)—as Chaponi, for the music of the muffin pans is what appeals to a ‘masculine brute.’”

“Oh, that?” Joanna, who wore artist’s blouses and a windsor tie when uniform regulations were lifted, in an attempt to appear very sophisticated, narrowed her eyes sarcastically at the Baby Doll. “That’s the same little old love that made the world go ’round when Socrates’ wife hit him



## LOTUS-EATERS

over the head with the washboard. Me for platonic friendship. I secretly advocate trial marriages, though it's a trifle daring to say so, but the day of woman is upon us, and the march to the polls has robbed the altar and given Lohengrin something new to think about."

"New? I wager you he thought about it. That's why he made the wedding march so slow—to give the bride one more chance to make a bolt for freedom." Vivien, the practical member of the group, rose from the table. "But it's just exactly five minutes until time for classes, and if we don't rush over I'll have one more tardy, which puts me—in outer darkness."

They crowded out of the room, and left me refreshed by the sight and sound of these careless young lotus-eaters, waiting for life.

Helen Allen, '21.



## Easter

Awakened by a broad shaft of morning sunlight streaming in the window and across her bed, little Elsie jumped up and peered out of the window to look for the bird whose merry songs had been her first greeting. Everywhere the dewdrops sparkled and shone in the early golden sunlight, and beautiful flowers lifted their heads, vieing with each other in sending forth their fragrance. Little Elsie looked and wondered at this glorious dawn, for was not this an ordinary Sunday morning? "As if the birds were not singing 'Easter' as hard as they could sing," suddenly thought Elsie. And this caused a second thought, "How many little boys and girls can listen to the birds and see the flowers and be as happy as I am?"

Elsie's first greeting to her mother was to hastily exclaim that she wanted to share her wealth and happiness with some one who did not have them. This unselfish plan pleased her mother, so Elsie prepared her basket of rabbit eggs and flowers, and after breakfast they started out adventuring.

This same morning, but in another part of the crowded city, little David awoke also to listen, but was unable to see the birds or any flowers, for he was a very poor little boy. His pillow was wet with the tears he had shed the night before when he wished so hard for some pretty Easter eggs. With a brave effort to hide his anxieties and hopes from his over-tired mother, he scuttled out into the stretch of ground that went to make up his yard and playground, and searched it diligently over and over, but to no avail. Again the rabbits had forgotten him. To keep his keen disappointment from his mother, David stayed out of the house and lay down in a corner to sob out his troubles.

Unknown to him, Elsie and her mother came by, and, catching the sound of his sobs, stopped to listen, hearing him wish for just one pretty little egg. The next moment David looked up into the face of what appeared to him to be a fairy. Elsie, with her golden curls, blue eyes and white dress, with her basket of flowers, was bending over him. After much persuasion she finally succeeded in getting him



## EASTER

to help her hunt the eggs which her mother had quickly hidden while they were talking.

David's joy could not have been greater than that of Elsie's when she bade him good-bye, leaving his little heart light and the mother's tired heart cheered by the marvelous beauty of the lilies, and wondering that one so beautiful and wealthy could spend her time making happiness for one so poor.

That night little Elsie went to sleep with her heart much happier than it had ever been. She dreamed of parties where all poor little boys and girls might hunt eggs which she had provided.

It took much pleading to make David give up his new joys for sleep, but no tears wet his little pillow that night. Instead he went to sleep and dreamed of a sunny-haired little girl, the prettiest and sweetest he had ever seen, of a big white house with a green lawn where his mother and he were going to live always—to awake and find—but why spoil a child's dream with the grim realities of life?

Waver Hodges, '22.



## Bridal Wreath

Child, take the flowers away, if you will,  
They fill my old heart with pain;  
Pale, with the vague haunting perfume of them,  
Calling the past back again.

First, they meant Fairyland's flowers to me,  
Great clumps by the high-latched gate.  
Grandmother always unlatched it for me,  
Standing a moment to wait.

Waiting, the sun on her shining white hair—  
Straight-backed, she defied the years,  
Waiting to wave at the turn of the road;  
Smiling to hide the bright tears.

Frail little mother heart, yearning and proud,  
One day it lay hushed and stilled,  
Bridal wreath nestled upon her breast,  
Not so white as hands that it filled.

Torn from her bosom—all the mother I'd known—  
I envied the bloom that stayed . . .  
Hast'ning, the years passed and love beckoned me,  
Child then no more, but a maid.

April, and bridal wreath scented the house,  
And grandmother whispered there.  
Never was lover so handsome, I thought,  
Never a day so fair.

One year of happiness—swift like a dream,  
Our wedding day came once more—  
Bringing your grandfather home to me dead . . .  
Bridal wreath bloomed at the door.



## BRIDAL WREATH

Fearful as Death's flowers seem they to me,  
They seek all my peace to scar,  
Taking me back to the days that were,  
Leaving the days that are.

Take them away, child—take them away,  
Yet, mayhap, may it not be,  
He, with the flowers, and grandmother wait,  
Hands on the Gate There for me?

Helen Allen, '21.



## THE PINE BRANCH

### Art

The chapel was filled to overflowing, but there was none of the customary noise. All the students sat in rapt awe, as the artist played on and on, expressing the emotions of the people who had lived before, those who were present, and those who were to come. There was the tender sympathetic understanding of one who had learned from that great school—Life, with Experience as the teacher.

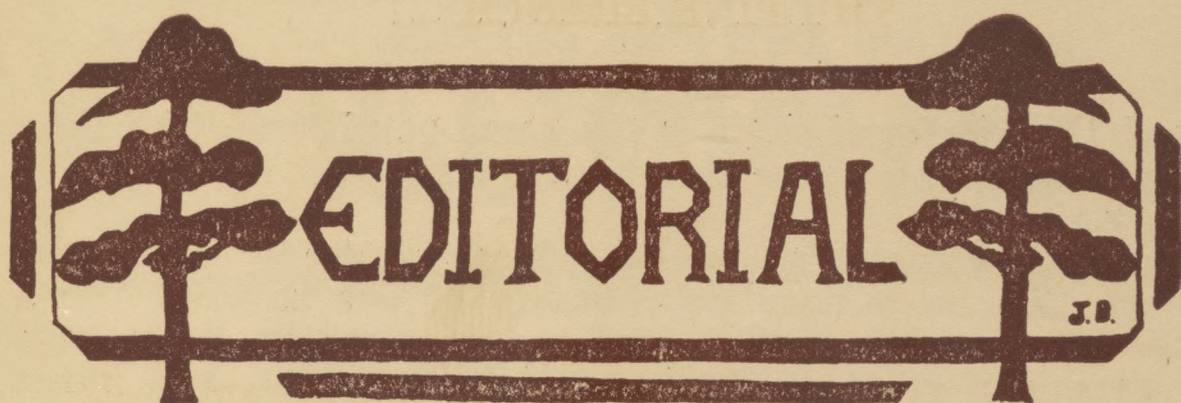
All before him recognized that this was no ordinary individual, for it seemed as though the violin was telling the story of the ages—man's struggles, successes, and progress. There were men, brave and reckless, who would fight for home and fireside—women, patient and faithful—maidens, blithe and gay, sighing perhaps for love, and anticipating the advent of Prince Charming—all these passed across the stage before the eyes of each one present.

Suddenly came the battle-drums of war; father, son and lover bade adieu to those closest to him—but hark! what was that? Muffled shrieks came from the back of the room, surging forward and increasing in volume as panic—or what?—caught the crowd. . . .

The Freshmen had found the Hat.

M. M. Price, '21.





## How College Develops Character

The most difficult thing in the world is to adjust the individual ego-life to the life of others. Personal desires, likes and dislikes, all must be subjugated and toned by those some characteristics in people around us. Hardest of all, they want to curb and help us drive our hobbies! And like the little girl in the story, many of us have hobby-horses with 'very long tails.' Four small walls is a dangerously inadequate inclosure for two or three restless, thoroughbred hobbies. And the problem isn't solved when the person who possesses the dominant, vivid, compelling personality subdues that of her companions and rules with velvet gloves which nevertheless make their strength subtly known. That is tragedy; and that is the solution a pitifully large number reach. Yet there are some natures which seem to revel in their abject serfdom. Their individuality has been sapped. Their initiative will follow. A mirrored reflection is often a beautiful thing. It gives you line for line, tone for tone. But after all—it's just a reflection, isn't it?

But when a partnership is established, when individuals from varying environments, with all the widely distinctive habits, traits, characteristics which we combine and call personality, when they come together in that relationship among those most intimate—college room-mates, and each learns the good old rule of give and take, then is when real character begins to develop.

It reaches farther than this. It extends to the friends and comrades in the group, and to the student group as a whole. A miniature democracy is typified by college life



## THE PINE BRANCH

and the life found there is the same gay life that beckons on to straining young hearts, after the last sad lesson is done.

It is the discipline which refines the dross, the selfishness, the too intense individuality of our natures. It is the strong, clear call to higher things which the college atmosphere gives that leads to spiritual uplift. High ideals which catch and hold the impetuous young spirit, and a constant stimulation to live for the best that is in one, typify college life.

Leadership, fellowship and fellowship are developed. So, is character daily developed.



# ALUMNAE

One of the most delightful affairs of the season was the informal dinner party given to those members of the alumnae at the college, and living in town, by Miss Gallaher, at the Patterson Hotel. A very congenial group of S. G. S. N. C. graduates enjoyed this affair, so delightfully arranged, because "Old Times at S. G. S. N. C." was the main topic of conversation. The alumnae members in Valdosta are: Mrs. James Stump, Mrs. W. Leland Roberts, Miss Lena May, Miss Edith Patterson, Miss Ida Groover, Miss Hattie McMillan, Miss Stella Mathis, Miss Ethel Ingram, Miss Mattie Campbell. Miss Margery Moore was also one of the guests.

Just think! 'Tis almost time for a family reunion! And of course everybody wants to be present at the party on May the 24th! Now, you are going to make the best effort ever to come back to alma mater and talk over "old times." There's a surprise in store for all the family!

Mrs. Clyde Purcell Patten was a visitor in Valdosta not long ago.

Miss Edith Smith visited her home and S. G. S. N. C. some time ago.

Miss Minnie Ruth Brown is one of the Lowndes county teachers seen at the monthly meeting at S. G. S. N. C. of that body.

Miss Katheryne White, who is teaching in Barrett, is a frequent visitor to Valdosta.

Miss Stella Floyd, of Ocilla, motored down Sunday, March 27, to see her sister, Miss Myrtle Floyd.

Miss Lillian Etheridge, of Hahira, is a frequent visitor at S. G. S. N. C.

Miss Morgan Majette is in Valdosta again after an absence of some time.

We take pleasure in announcing the marriage of our sister, Miss Hattie Lou Roberts, to Mr. Wallace Strange, of Waycross.

Mattie Campbell, Alumnae Editor.



# LOCALS<sup>5c</sup>

## Philharmonic Club Entertained.

The faculty and seniors of the South Georgia State Normal College were delightfully entertained by the Philharmonic Club Saturday, April 9th, 1921. The French maids ushered the guests into the drawing room, which was beautifully decorated with ferns and spring blossoms, as operatic selections were being played on the Victrola. Each guest was presented with a favor by the butlers. After the program, instruments were matched to find partners for each guest, with whom they were served delicious refreshments.

The program consisted of

Story of the Guitar	-----	Emma Speir
Guitar Solo	-----	Emily Chauncey
Story of the Mandolin	-----	Alma Williams
Mandolin Selections	-----	Eloise Coleman, Alma Williams, Hennie Lace Ivy.
History of the Violin	-----	Virginia Peeples
Violin Solo	-----	Marion Chauncey
Piano Solo	-----	Beatrice Gupton
History of Piano	-----	Buena McConnell
Piano Solo	-----	Evelyn Powell
Vocal Solo	-----	Alma Thompson

## A French Play.

The French class presented a very pleasing program on Feb. 26. A one-act play, "Les Deux Glo," was given. The cast of characters was as follows: Miss Marion Chauncey, Miss Louise Men, Miss Mary Breedlove, Miss Frances Dekle.

Every word spoken was in French, and it certainly showed excellent work in the French class.



## Athletic Notes

### Field Day

With a hop, step and jump  
And a three-legged run,  
And a fifty-yard dash  
The day was begun.

Then the costume relay  
And the Sophs' wand drill,  
Their work was all play,  
Yet done with a will.

Each class had their colors  
And with yells of delight  
Jeered at the other fellows  
When they lost the fight.

Sub B's got the banner,  
But close was the game.  
All the classes did well  
And each one won fame.

Each contestant entered the games on Field Day with a fine spirit, which showed skill, alertness and co-operation. A large crowd attended the contest, which encouraged the girls, making them realize how many were interested in their exercises.

The addition of music, rendered by the Valdosta band, added much to the occasion. When at four o'clock the band began playing each student quickly fell in line for the procession. The class banners made it easy to identify the members of the different classes. When the procession halted each class gave its yell. The program consisted of

Sixty-yard dash.

Fifty-yard dash.



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Running, hop, step. jump.

Three-legged race.

Costume relay.

Basket-ball relay.

Shuttle relay.

The girls who won first place were presented with sweater monograms. Also, the girls holding responsible offices connected with student activities. The Field Day banner was given to the Preparatory I class, as they scored the greatest number of points.



# Jokes

## She Must Have Pulled a Bone.

E. Robinson: "How do you start to bone a chicken?"

Mattie Morris: "Cut it down the back, take the meat off the bones, and then pull the bones out of its legs and arms."

## Would She Bounce?

Myrtle Sasser: "What can I use to black my face for the stunt?"

L. Duncan: "Burnt rubber cork, of course."

## Did She Ever Hear of Abbreviations?

Buena McConnell: "Somebody can make us a small banner with A-D-S on it."

Jewel Meeks: "What does that stand for?"

## A New Disease.

A. Thompson: "He died of poverty."

## Aspirations for Senators.

Mr. Shanks: "Miss Cox, what privilege did the senators have, that the knights did not?"

M. Cox: "They had preserved seats in the theaters and at games."

## Optimistic, at Least.

Miss Redfern: "Edith, do you think you will pass this course?"

E. Barker: "Oh! yes, ma'am! I'm going to pass!"



## THE PINE BRANCH

### Did She Specialize in Math?

The sentence read: "There were 2,088,000 Armenians."

E. Powell: "There were two million eight hundred, no, I mean no hundred—no, I mean—what is it, anyway?"

### Was It Painlessly Extracted?

Mary James: "Mr. Poston, where did you get that gum?"

Mr. Poston: "Miss Gallaher took it away from one of the girls and gave it to me."

### It's All Right, if You Get Away With It.

Mr. Shanks: "Edith, haven't you been talking?"

E. Barker: "No, sir! Not while you were looking!"

### Physiological Psychology.

Mr. Wood asked the following question on examination: "Explain subjective and objective control."

Answer on one paper: "Well, subjective control is something like a pain in the stomach."









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