

THE PINE BRANCH

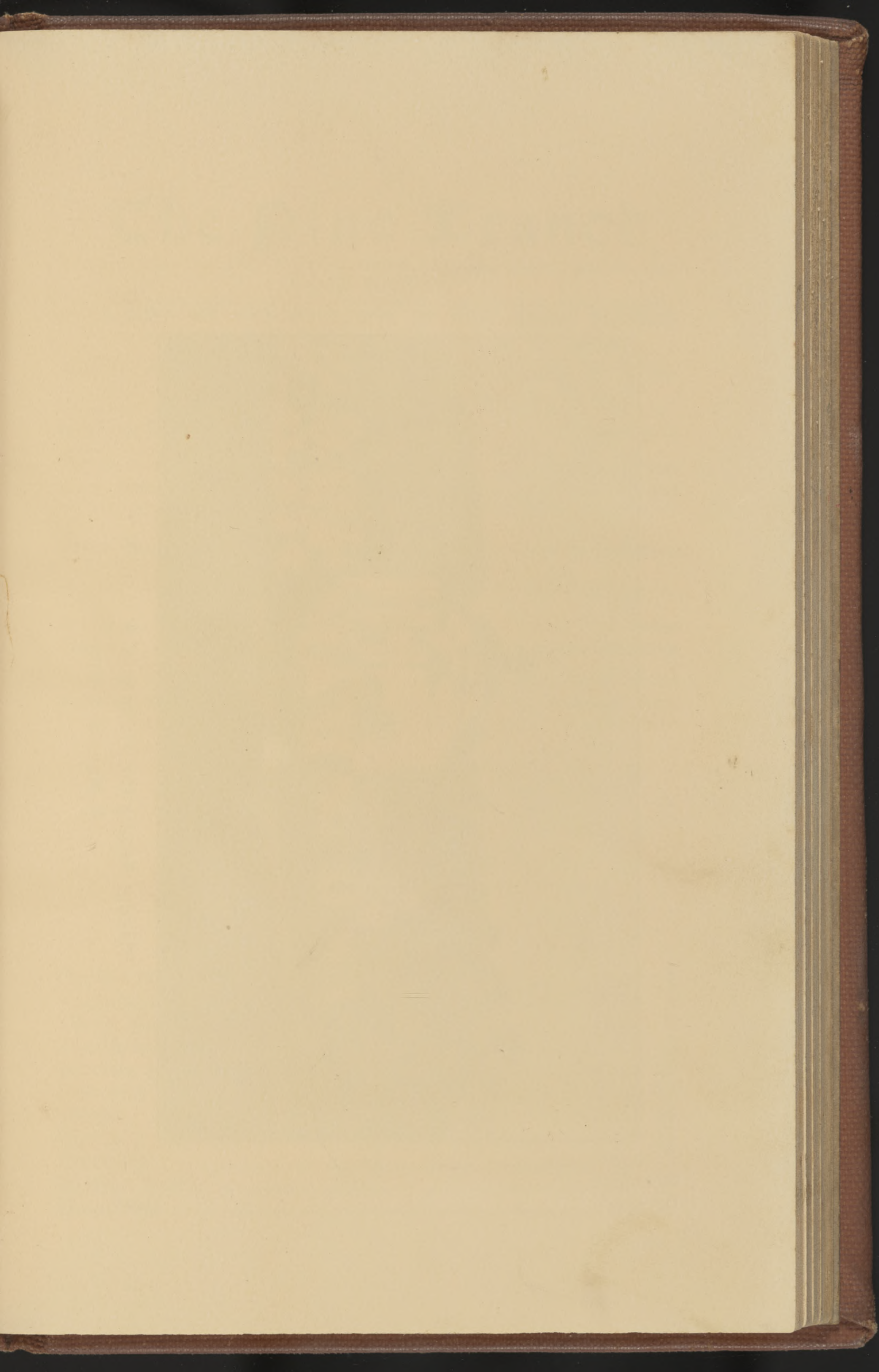


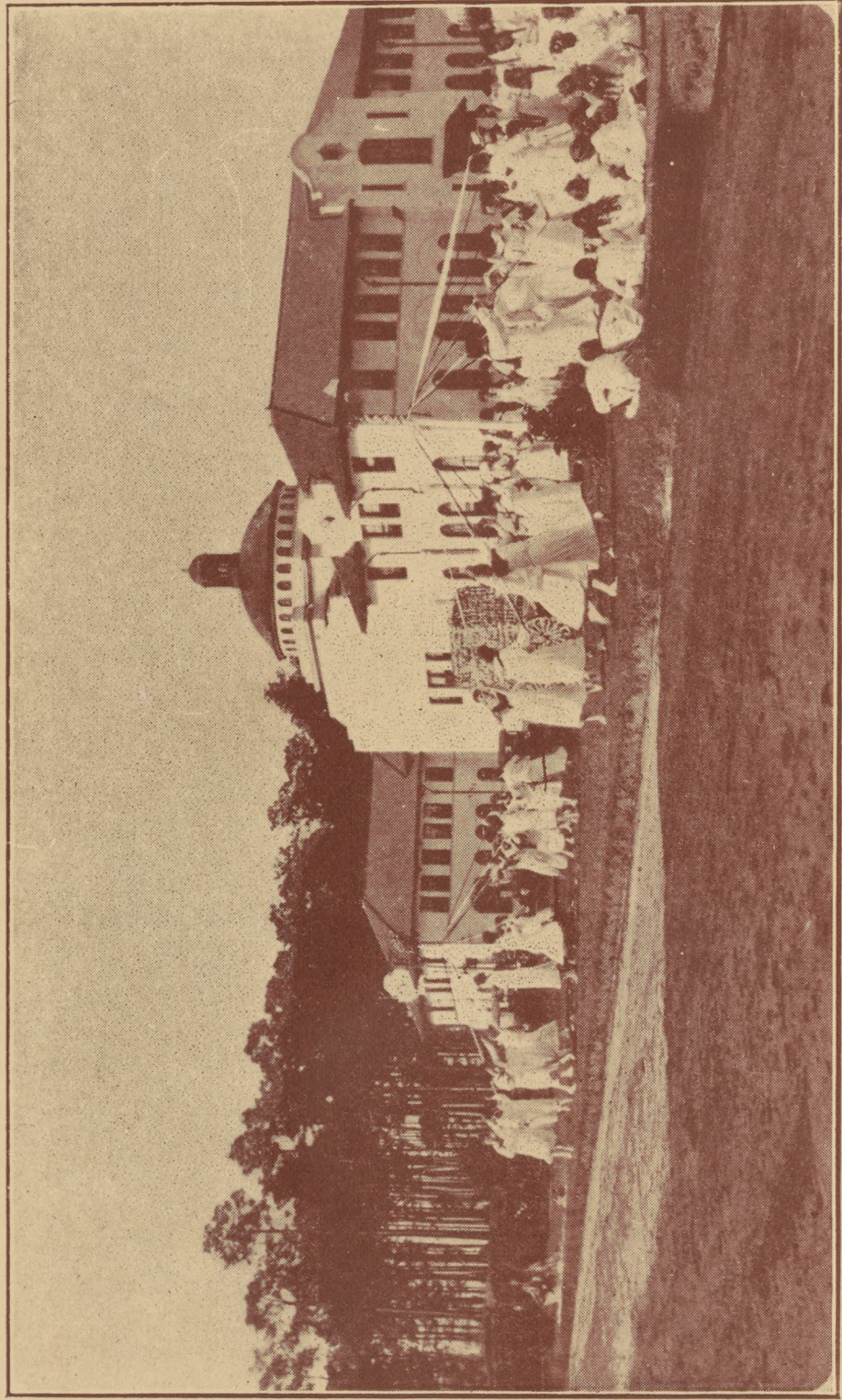
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Playing Among the Flowers of S. G. S. N. C.
A Maypole Group

The Pine Branch

Issued Monthly.

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On the Ninth Anniversary of
The South Georgia State
Normal College

Alma Mater loved, upon thy brow
Should rest the laurel wreath of victory,
And in thy honor sweetest minstrelsy
Should swell the breezes even now.
Guided by fair learning's star, dost thou
Pass on above War's pangs and pageantry.
The arts of peace were meant for thee;
To Hera wise dost thou perform thy vow.

Nine years of waxing service are complete;
And on this anniversary I sing
Sincerest plaudits. May the flame
Of service always mount and bring
The greater radiance, that 'tis meet
Should evermore illuminate thy name.

Evelyn Brown.

Valentine And A Haircut

The whistle died from his lips and the pucker of his mouth contracted to a hard straight line, as rounding the corner his eyes fell on the two objects ahead of him. To be perfectly truthful there were three, but even a small boy sees through his mind, and being but slightly interested in the third object Henry didn't give even a thought of it.

Before him loomed a picture of a wisp of a girl in a pink chambray dress, and eyes of the grayest gray, with black silken fringe for lashes. All day he'd counted on overtaking her and carrying her books for her. But no, he was too late and another, and a strange boy, had the honored place, and of course he must be carrying her books, for no gentleman could do otherwise. Who could the boy be, anyway? Henry was sure he'd never seen him before, and to think Betsy would throw him over for a stranger, and it so near Valentine too!

"Huh, I know why, he's got a pomp, and his hair all slicked down with hair tonic," soliloquized Henry. "I've begged Dad to let me have my hair cut that way and get a bottle of hair dressing, but he thinks I'm too little."

Oh, but he must not let them get out of his sight before he found who his rival was! With alacrity he hurried forward. "I'll get even with somebody for this," he said to himself, and began planning a way to get that much longed for hair cut. "Aw, Dad can't understand why a feller wants his hair cut like all the other fellers. He tried to make a baby out of me and I ain't gonner be nobody's baby. I'm already thirteen years old and mother calls me a man and I guess I am mighty near it!"

Thus threshing the subject out he became so obsessed by these thoughts he could hardly believe his eyes when he saw the boy leave Betsy at her gate and cross the street with Mabel. "Aw, he's just a timid little 'fraid cat! I just bet Betsy goes over to Mabel's in less time than you can say Jack Robinson. Well, she can go if she's gonner like a boy that's afraid to let her mother see him."

"Come here just a little minute Henry," called Betsy. "Ain't got time. In a big surry to go with the boys skating. Boy's always was nicer'n girls." Though what he really did was to go quietly up his back stairs to his room, and

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snatching off his cap, gaze with a killing stare at a perfect thatch of black hair hanging over his forehead. "The idea of Dad making a feller wear that curly mop when I could have a pomp like the other boys."

His face broke out with a sudden light as though a solution of his problem had presented itself! Snatching out a bureau drawer he emptied the contents of a box on his bed and began counting the money, all he had left, and two more weeks before his allowance would be given him! Just enough for a hair cuit, a fifty-cent bottle of shampoo, a skull cap, and one trip to the movies! Hooray! he'd work one on Dad this time all right. But equally as suddenly he drooped again and fell to pondering. This was the money he'd saved for Betsy's Valentine box of candy (already selected in the window), and a pretty valentine with a little verse about friendship in it! Aw, well, since Betsy had evidenced such admiration for the other boy it didn't matter much if he didn't give her a valentine.

"But I just bet she gets a valentine from that other boy, and she'll think I'm busted!" And Henry thought that would never do.

Answering his mother's call he went down stairs, but refused supper and sat during the meal deeply engrossed in thought, and watching closely every move of his mother. Finally when his father had taken refuge behind the newspaper, Henry approached his mother and broached the subject. No, father had been very firm in giving his allowance and she couldn't go against his wishes. Besides she thought his hair looked very nice.

With heavy heart and feet Henry climbed the stairs to his room and fell to work combing his hair back. Pretty soon with the aid of a little water and much soap he had, to a very small degree, trained the unruly hair backward. With a final application he went to bed and instantly to sleep.

Upon making a somewhat belated appearance at breakfast he felt sure from the smile his mother gave him that his efforts were crowned with success. Later, during the meal, he was startled to hear, "Henry, what have you done to your hair?" from his mother. To his indifferent "Nothin," she came over and smelled his hair. Her verdict

VALENTINE AND A HAIRCUT

was, "Soap! Go right up stairs and wash every bit off!" And when he saw the white coat of soap hardened on his once beautiful pompadour, he was glad enough to wash it, though it did leave him wondering how he'd manage the bristly mop at school.

With a last brush of the hair backward Henry carefully drew on his cap and started to school with fifty cents in his pocket and a new idea in the head. That afternoon he hurried by the barber's, who was always glad to see him enter, knowing who he was. With much pride he ordered a pompadour cut, and when it was finished, Henry, with the air of a millionaire, asked to have it charged to his own account, also a fifty-cent bottle of dressing. The barber readily consented, knowing he'd get the money, though Henry promised to pay himself in two weeks. His next move was to go to a small shop and invest the fifty cents in a skull cap. With this perched upon his head, a whistle on his lips, he gaily started home with his precious bottle of magic.

Fully expecting to see the boy of yesterday's experience sitting on Betsy's doorsteps, he was very much surprised to find Betsy and Mabel there, but was quick enough to see the boy some distance down the street. With a bit forced 'ello! Henry hurried into his house, which was only two doors down. Still wondering who the little boy was, Henry hurried up to admire his new pompadour, and wonder if Betsy noticed his new hair cut and skull cap.

After spending some minutes admiring what seemed to him a wonderful re-creation of his former self, Henry assumed an air of his dignity, and strode into his mother's room. He pretended to be extremely indifferent when his mother inquired, with a gleam of mirth in her eyes, about the hair cut, and carelessly replied that he was paying for it out of his own allowance, which was to be true later! After a momentary silence Henry's mother inquired if he was going to Betsy's valentine party that night.

With a slightly peeved air he said, "Guess a feller don't go where he ain't invited, least I don't."

"Oh, but you are invited," his mother hastened to explain. "Betsy came over this afternoon and said you were to go. She said she wanted to ask you yesterday, but you

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were too busy to listen when she called you."

Henry's face fell! To think Betsy had wanted to invite him to her party and he was "too busy" to listen! Aw well, no doubt she'd asked the other boy first. Even this bitter thought didn't prevent a sudden, strange desire to rush out and call Betsy, which he did as quickly as he could with dignity—far from his boyish feeling—leave his mother alone. Betsy answered his call in person, and Henry made every pretense of wanting her to see his new engine, which was well under way of construction.

Ten minutes later they were seated on the front door steps, very much the same little chums of two days before.

"You don't know my new cousin, do you, Henry?" Betsy inquired.

"New cousin?" exclaimed Henry, "I didn't know you had one."

"Well I have," saucily replied Betsy. "He's just moved here. Oh, you must have seen him with Mabel and me!"

A broad grin spread itself over Henry's face and he answered, "Yea, I saw you with a new boy but didn't know he was your cousin."

"Well you'll see him if you come to my party to-night, an' listen, he likes Mabel already I think—G'by!"

"Aw, you know I'll come to your party Betsy! 'By!"

And he did go to her valentine party! Feeling very much a man in spite of his father's scolding, and his mother's hidden tear at her little boy growing up so fast. And with Henry went the valentine box of candy. And the little valentine was safely placed in the mail for morning!

Waver Hodges, '22.



Three Maids And A Male Person

Minerva is a typical small town, found anywhere below the mythical, but mighty line, erstwhile drawn by Messrs. Mason and Dixon.

The powers that be decided that Minerva should have a new, well-equipped—shall we say, city hall? And, after due squabbling between the ladies and the gentlemen, over the proposed site of the building, civil engineers and an architect were brought to Minerva, there to begin the great work. The architect—hereby the story hangs—was immediately surrounded and accepted by the ladies.

He was a handsome thing, and he had a way with women, had the Male Person. He was an out-and-out puzzle to the feminine population of Minerva. Nothing piques the feminine mind as does a mystery; nothing is so alluring to feminine curiosity.

The Male Person rapidly came to be the most discussed and admired man in town. As we have hitherto observed, he was a handsome thing, and he had a way with women; but he was blissfully unaware of this attraction. Not handsome was he in an Apollo kind of way, but there was an appealing wistfulness about him that was irresistible to ladies. Shy, blushing, reserved, he never spoke of himself; but oh, what a wonderful listener he was!

Now, in Minerva, there were Three Maidens who were drawn by this fatal attraction as the bee is drawn to the rose. The Flapper paraded past his boarding place, and drove by the building site, in the hope of one fleeting smile from the Male Person. The Clinging Vine inscribed poems to him half her time, and spent the rest of her waking hours devising a romantic way of getting the poems to him. The Business Woman had efficiently decided on him as her mate, but had not as yet seen fit to inform him of her decision.

The love of the Three Maids was as a consuming fire which burneth forever unconsumed. The Flapper and the Vine could get no rest at night; they could not eat mere food—they must feed on Olympian ambrosia, or not at all. They grew languid and melancholy and began to pine and waste away. The Business Woman made hideous mistakes in her work, greatly surprising her associates.

Then the Flapper bethought herself of a letter, to tell

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the Worshipped One of her worship; and when the letter was finished she must read it; she simply **must** read it aloud. So she betook herself to the park.

The Vine composed her masterpiece; she would send it to him with violets, so eloquent of her love. But first she must hie herself to the park, there to commune with nature and read aloud her poem.

The Business Woman had plodded stolidly on, until such time as she considered propitious, so now she decided on a talk with him—a straight-from-the-shoulder business proposition. But she must have her subject-matter and material well in hand; so away to the park she went to arrange it logically.

The Flapper was the first to reach the sylvan retreat, and she tripped blithely down the park, reading this soulful letter:

“My Wonder Man,

“I suppose you are puzzled at the way I pass you at work, and wonder at my soulful look when you are the object of my gaze. Honey, I love you—adore you—worship you. That’s the answer! I think you are wonderful. My other little affairs were only infatuations—this is love, the divine passion! The boys of the crowd are so childish now, I can never notice them again. They are long ago and far away, for I have met you! And I know that my love is returned, for I have seen it in your eyes! But you have been afraid to tell me so; I will keep a rendezvous with you to-night at nine by the hydrangea bush in the park.”

“Oh ye gods! Some one’s coming! I’ll hide behind this shrub!”

“Oh Nature!” exclaimed the Vine, picking her way forlornly down the path, “Oh Nature, sweet nature, thou eternal solace of love! Flowers, birds, trees, sweet solitude, with onl ythoughts of my lover! But let me read my effusion to him, my soul mate!” (Reads aloud):

“Before thy altar I kneel, a love-lorn maid,
Singing old songs to thee, songs of my love,
Air-castles built for thee, Life of My Heart.

“Thou lovest me, yea, I know it
By the warm glances of thine eye,
So meet me, beloved, and let me hear

THREE MAIDS AND A MALE PERSON

From thine own lips the tale of thy passion,
To-night, by the flowering hydrangea,
At nine, in the lovers' sweet 'Paradise Park'."

"But hist! Footsteps approach! I must conceal myself behind this friendly hedge until the passerby is gone."

The Business Woman strode briskly into view, rehearsing as she came:

"Now, my dear man, this is a cold business proposition, as I see it, and as such I beg you to view it. Physically, I am perfect. Mentally, I am far above the average. I am 100% efficient; I am practical, I have common sense. I have not what the world calls beauty and charm, but these superficial things soon fade. I am a good housekeeper; I can cook.

"Now, on the other hand, you have those qualities which I lack. You are handsome, you are a dreamer, you have all the attributes of a good husband and father.

"Well, my point is this: I want to marry you; I intend to marry you, so don't argue the issue. Our union will be perfect. Now, the only point left unsettled is the date, and I'll generously leave that up to you.

"Ahem! Well, he can't dodge the issue! And that's that!"

"Some one is coming—hm—well, my reputation is such that I can't be found here during business hours. They would think me a sentimental fool—this bush is a convenient shelter."

A sound of wheels, and a perambulator hove into view, holding a baby (presumably twins) in each end; propelling reluctantly, but propelling all the same, was the Mysterious Male Person. Following young Apollo came an older woman drabbed and harassed looking, dispiritedly dragging a five-year-old child by the hand, who kept up an incessant chatter about Daddy.

The little procession passed on; three maids, astonished unbelief in every line of their bodies, rushed to the path, craning their necks until the little procession disappeared around a bend in the path. Simultaneously they turned, and beheld—each other.

Three trails lead through the grass—so endeth the tale.

Evelyn Kendrick Brown.

Thrills Subdued

"Ah me! A circus, and the first I've been to in over two years. Come on Mary, let's see the fat lady."

"Please wait a minute Annie, I want to see what is going to happen here. You know I'm in for all the free performances. O-oh look! That man is putting a snake around a lady's neck."

"My! How hideous. We don't want to see that. We can't afford to waste our time in looking at such things. If we do not hurry we shall not get to see anything before the main performance begins. Come on, let's ride on the merry-go-round."

Finally she consented to go and we passed from one tent to another taking time to look at some things, refusing others. We saw all the animals and their stunts, and I even persuaded Mary to ride on the elephant with me. I like to ride on anything, and, too, I wanted to be able to say I had ridden on an elephant.

While we were on Jumbo's back Mary spied a fortune teller's tent, and just as I expected from her, came:

"Oh! Anne, I must have my fortune told. You know I've been telling you about the trouble between John and me."

"Please don't Mary. We won't have time for that."

"Yes we will, and I'll let you go first."

"No, I'll not have my fortune told. I don't believe in such things any way. But I'll wait for you outside."

While I was waiting for Mary, from somewhere in the distance came the loud boom of a drum, then the faint voice of the bugle followed by the combination of several musical sounds.

I looked in the direction from whence the sounds came, and very soon I saw men and women on horses' backs, some in carriages and still others walking. There was the clown doing stunts on the backs of horses, and I realized that it was the circus parade.

When the parade was passing me, I looked up to meet the gaze of a lady in a beautiful carriage. With the sweetest smile on her face, she called to me: "Come little girl, don't you want to be in the parade?"

Without a moment's hesitation, I climbed into the carriage beside the pretty lady. What a thrilling experi-

THRILLS SUBDUED

ence! Riding in a circus parade! I had forgotten about Mary until we happened to pass the fortune teller's tent again just as she was coming out. Of course she was shocked to see me in the parade. But, I was in the height of my glory. I had never heard such wonderful music before in all my life.

Then suddenly I was snatched almost out of my wits, and looking up I saw the frowning face of my room-mate.

"Get up, you sleepy head, I've been calling you for the last half-hour. Here it is almost time for the breakfast bell."

In the moment of returning consciousness, I could hear the dishes rattling, sounds of the stove door being opened and closed, the motor of the electric dish-washing machine, and the voices of the servants coming from the kitchen below. My first feeling was that of irritation that I had been awakened in such a rude manner. Then came the sensation of disappointment that it was only a dream and that my wonderful music was that of the kitchen orchestra.

Bidding The Home-Boys Farewell

"Why couldn't someone give a dance to-night?—or even a rook party would have been better than having to remain at home to-night and bid Jack, Lewis, and Rob all three farewell." Such was Cora's wail to her friend Gussie as she stopped a moment before her gate.

This was Cora's third year at college, and she always dreaded to tell the home-boys good-bye. She decided before she came home for the Christmas holidays that it would be much easier if she should bid them all farewell at the same time. Now she was leaving early the next morning, and to-night the three boys were coming—and what would she say?

Jack, Lewis, and Rob were each surprised to see the others at Cora's house. They all thought they were to see

BIDDING THE HOME-BOYS FAREWELL.

her alone this last evening. Cora was as embarrassed as the boys. It wasn't half the fun she thought it would be. If it were only Jack, how nice it would be!—or Rob, how they'd joke and laugh!—or Lewis—But all three, it was plain stupid. All the boys wished each other away. They just didn't know how! They talked of all the things they had spoken of so many times before, and then spoke of them again. At ten o'clock Cora arose in desperation and faced the boys with her hands behind her and said, "Boys, I hope you will have as much fun during the next five months as I expect to have," and turning she fled from the room.

It was just at the break of dawn when Cora reached the station the next morning, but in the dim light she recognized Jack. He hurried to her side to assist her on the train. How sweet of him to come down so early! As she started down the aisle she was surprised to see Rob coming to meet her. He gave her two of the latest novels. How thoughtful of him to remember how much she enjoyed books! As the conductor gave his last "All aboard" and the boys turned to go, there was a tap on her window. Raising the window she recognized Lewis in the dim light. He handed her a box of candy and exclaimed, "Good-bye, Cora; write often."

The train moved away and Cora leaned out of the window to wave to the boys. There the three were standing together on the station platform. She wondered what they were saying.

As Cora crawled into her soft bed at college that night, Kate, her room-mate, did not quite agree with her when she exclaimed, "Oh! it's so much more fun to tell these dear girls hello than to bid the boys at home farewell."

Thelma O'Brien, '23.





The College Coming Into Its Own

In the locals of this issue will be found an account of the proceedings of a meeting of the Board of Trustees of the College held on January thirteenth. The action of the Board in placing the institution on a four-year basis is of great significance and of interest not only to the student body, but to the whole state.

Heretofore a student from South Georgia who desired a standard college education—and let it be remembered that South Georgia in this sense means the three-fifths of the state lying south of the middle line and giving homes to half the population of the state—has had to go to some other section of the state. Likewise a girl from another section of the state desiring to pursue her higher studies in a mild climate such as it is in South Georgia, has had to leave the state entirely. (Indeed the school year is almost ideal, very much like the winter climate of the famous "East Coast.")

It is interesting to note that though henceforth the College will be a full four-year college, offering both the Bachelor of Arts and Bachelor of Education degrees, it will

Twelve

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not discontinue the two-year, or normal and junior college courses, whose excellence has made possible the rapid development of the institution. Indeed, the new organization is in this regard exceedingly advantageous to the student.

Two interesting sequels to the action of the Board have given much satisfaction to the students and faculty. The four-year professional course has been accepted by the State Superintendent of Schools for the State College Teacher's Certificate just as the two-year course has been from the beginning, accepted for the State Normal Certificate. The College was on the same day elected to membership in the State Association of Colleges, and so takes its place in this honored group.

Girls of South Georgia and S. G. S. N. C. are extremely grateful for these educational advantages made possible by the Georgia Legislature, Board of Trustees and the untiring efforts of our College President.



Twigs

Opportunity and Effort

“He is not worthy of the honeycomb who shuns the hive because the bees have stings.”

May we not apply this to college life? So often we complain about difficult lessons, the tasks imposed upon us and the daily grind.

The trouble is many of us get an education—or at least go through college—too easily. Parents pay all bills and their daughters study only enough to pass from one class to another and get through. How many of us truly put forth our best effort? Do we stop to think how many great men have become great only through great toil with seemingly few opportunities, little money and less sympathy and encouragement? Coming nearer home, how many girls of this college and others of the present day do better work when they have to make their own way through college! They are not dreading the bees' stings as much as they are thinking of the honey.

During the month of February which brings the anniversary of the birthdays of so many of America's great men — Lincoln, Washington, and Longfellow — let us remember that, “We can make our lives sublime.”

Think how many girls, during this time of financial depression, are denied opportunities that we have! Many would gladly pick up the tasks and make good if they had the chance. Let us fix our eyes on the goal and think of the tasks only as steps which bring us nearer this goal. Then if discouragements come we may remember that if we make the most of our opportunities we will reap our reward and the “honey comb” will be ours.

Edna Robinson, '22.



Friday, the Thirteenth, Lucky Day for Us.

Friday and thirteen are both said to be unlucky, but from now on they should be considered very lucky for S. G. S. N. C.

Something that should be of great interest to every girl in the state of Georgia is the meeting of the board of trustees of our college which was held here on Friday, January thirteenth.

The meeting was called for the purpose of having a final settlement with the contractor for our splendid new dormitory. Those members of the board who had not seen the building since it was completed were very enthusiastic over its magnificent appearance.

Recognizing the strong work being done here as a two-year college and the exceptional equipment of the institution, and responding to the strongly-felt demand that the great section of the state south of Macon have at least one standard college, a very important step was taken in the resolution that preparations be made for courses leading to a bachelor's degree. This means that now our college will be a full-fledged four-year college of the highest standing. The two-year courses will continue to be given also. Just think, a girl may come here and receive her diploma at the end of two years; then, if she so desires, she may continue the course for another two years and get a degree.

We girls were the immediate beneficiaries of this board meeting in an entirely different way, for two of the board

LOCALS

members, Mr. Beck and our beloved Chancellor Barrow, dined with us, and of course, gave us their usual greeting in the form of after-dinner speeches. Mr. Beck was rather humorous in portraying the school teacher, but declared the profession much better than for a girl to marry "a two-bit man." Chancellor Barrow, with splendid illustrations, showed how the circle of man's life and the circle of woman's life heretofore only touching in their public phases, are now more and more overlapping. The overlapping parts of the circles he called the unchaperoned area; and he stressed with his characteristic happy earnestness the great importance of prudence and self-control on the part of young women who live more and more in the overlapping areas of the circles.

It was a very pleasant half hour together, and we received some very good suggestions and advice from the splendid talks.

The Chamber of Commerce Meets With Us.

On Friday night, January thirteenth, the Chamber of Commerce held its annual dinner-meeting in the large and beautiful dining hall of our new dormitory. At this meeting all of industrial, commercial, financial and professional Valdosta gathered for a pleasant evening together. While the lively bunch of men were feasting upon the roast goose, barbecued kid, coffee and cigars, we were playing the part of quiet mice in other parts of the building.

We are all happy to have our beloved teachers, Miss Craig and Miss Gilmer, back with us again after successful operations. They still meet us with their usual smiles and cheery greetings.



Are You Making Your Dreams Come True?

An Alumnae Letter.

I wonder how many of you alumnae of S. G. S. N. C. are making your dreams come true? Of course you have dreamed dreams. They began to form in your minds almost before you realized that you had a real part in life. And to you they were the biggest and best of all. They represented your highest ideals and loftiest ambitions in life. You were anxious for a chance to set wrong things right and to make the world feel the influence of the new generation, of which you were a part. Are you making those dreams come true? ?

Dreaming is all right. The great people of to-day were once youthful dreamers. A good dream may be the starting point for many good things. But the dreams that are put into practice, and not the ones that lie idle, are the ones that make for higher and better things in the world. So don't let your dream remain a dream. Bring it forth and develop it and let it amount to something.

The world needs people who put their dreams into effect. There is no shortage of people who think of doing something worth while, but there is a serious shortage of people who think of worth-while things and put their thoughts into effect. The world is full of people who wish to help the world by telling someone else what to do, but they are not willing to put themselves forward as "one who does things." If the people who are always thinking of how a thing should be done, would only wake up and do it themselves, the world would be a much happier and better place in which to live. ?

So let's not be people who only dream, but people who make their dreams amount to something. Don't lose faith in your school-girl dreams. They represent your ideals. Enrich and multiply them, and when they represent your best, then bring them forth as realities, as dreams no longer. Make your dreams come true. Mytle Bird.

Seventeen

Society Notes

Soronian Society News.

We Soronians feel that the negative side of the debate will be well taken care of, for we have as our speakers Misses Estelle Barker and Willie Mae Mathews, two seniors who know how to argue their point to the finish.

The program for January 21st was as follows:

Vocal Solo—Dahlia Baker.

Debate—"Resolved, That S. G. S. N. C. Should Be a Co-ed. School."

Affirmative

Gladys Faircloth

Catherine Wheeler

Piano Solo—Inez Sharp.

Representation of Ads.:

Mattie Stipe

Alma Lee Day

Rebecca Kid

Negative

Cynthia Lewis

Ruby Meeks

Julia Harrell

Virginia Dasher

Alna Williams

Current Events—Mary Sue Cannon.

Quartet—Evelyn Williams, Elizabeth Livingston, Waver
Hodges, Jewell Meeks. ?

Argonian Literary Society.

[There were two meetings of the Argonian Literary Society last month.]

January 7, 1922, the chairman of the debate committee announced the subject for the debate—Resolved, That Giving Labor a Voice in the Management of Industry is a Better Solution of the Labor Problem Than Profit Sharing. It was also announced that the representatives of our society in the debate against the Soronian Literary Society will be Misses Mae Gibson and Evelyn Brown. We have implicit faith in their ability to master the subject, and

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we are looking forward to the day when our debaters will appear to pull their side over the top. Three new members were added to the enrollment. The following program was rendered:

Piano Solo	-----	O'mera Minter
Reading	-----	May Gibson
Vocal Solo	-----	Evelyn O'Quin
Reading	-----	Evelyn Brown
Impromptu Jokes	—Beatrice Lang, Claire Weathersbee, Eloise Sewell, Sadie Lee Chauncey, Stella Taylor and Elizabeth Funderburk.	

Book Party.

Anyone passing through or near the rotunda on Saturday evening, January the fourteenth, would certainly have been startled to see a great number of well known books possessing real life. Not only were these books alive, but were walking gayly around, chatting freely with each other. It was an event of importance at S. G. S. N. C.

A book party is given every year by the Y. W. C. A., and the eagerness with which it is always anticipated was greater this year than ever before.

Every girl was dressed to represent some book, and the fun of the evening was guessing the titles of the various books as they wandered around.

Later on in the evening, different portions of books were given in the form of plays, the naming of which was left to the onlookers.

Delicious hot chocolate and doughnuts were then served in the dining ghall, being followed finally by the awarding of the prizes to the person guessing the greatest number of book titles, and also to the one guessing the least.





Margaret: "Reba, you don't know what a meat chopper is?"

Reba: "Yes, it is a hammer or axe one."

Mr. Shanks: "Hazel, where did the Dutch establish colonies?"

Hazel: "In Holland, I reckon."

Alice Neil: "Elaine, do you love me still?"

Elaine: "No, I love you wiggling."

Her First Attempt With a Classic.

Ruth Ellyn (at library desk): "I want to check out a classic."

Librarian: "What classic?"

Ruth Ellyn—"Just a classic, a Dickin classic."

Librarian: "Which one?"

Ruth Ellyn: "Dickin Tale—er—Tale of Two Cities."

Who Wrote It?

First Senior: "Where will I find 'Whittier's Snow Bound'?"

Second Senior: "In that book of 'Longfellow's Poem.'"

First Senior (looking diligently): "I don't find it!"

Second Senior: "Well, who wrote it?"

First Senior: "Whittier."

Second Senior: "It is not in 'Longfellow's Poems' then."

Ah! Me!

Mary: "My book report is on Mickey O'Halloren, and his mother was an Irishman."

A Lawyer May Be Many Things, But Can He Beat This?

Mr. Shanks, in Economics: "A lawyer generally keeps a stenographer to save his own time for other work, although he may be a better typewriter than his stenographer is."

THE PINE BRANCH

How Perfectly Terrible.

Julia: "I have been having my pupils dilated."

Gladys: "Julia! have you been having your eyes diluted? Didn't it hurt?"

Always a Reason!

Dallia (in Art Appreciation): "Miss McCoy, you know some of the early Christian people had some concentrated earth brought over from Palestine to be buried in."

Something to Look For.

Deborah: "Miss McCoy, have you seen any landscapes with ships on it?"

Miss McCoy: "Deborah, I may look delirious, but I'm not."

And Something Else.

Miss Gilmer (in English class): "Girls, you remember the place in the Bible where Jonah swallowed the whale?"

Miss Gallaher (coming into class) asked: "Am I late?"

Alice: "No, Miss Gallaher, we are all fast this morning"

"Hallie, why don't you like Milton's 'Paradise Lost'?"

Hallie: "I don't like to get quite so familiar with the lower regions."

(New girl going through dormitory to select a room was very observant of radiators.)

Teacher: "Have you made your selection?"

Student: "I don't like any of these rooms, I notice all of them have a pipe organ in them."

Personal Mention.

The Bride and Broom — Mrs. Dalhouse and Miss Nell Groom are making their present home in Dormitory No. 1, Room 29.

N. B.

There has been recognized at the college a new variety of the little flower popularly known as "Sweet William"—
"Sweet Henry."

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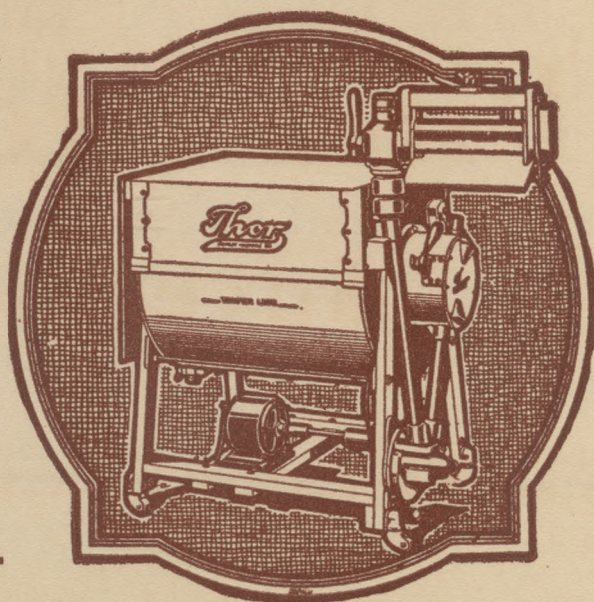
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