

# THE PINE BRANCH



DECEMBER  
1918

VOLUME 2 : NUMBER 2



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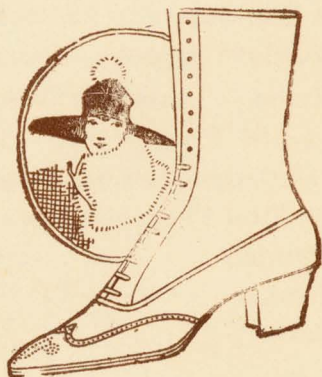
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## The Pine Branch

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### Christmas Bells

Swaying, swinging,  
Roundly ringing,  
Each its story tells.  
What can equal gladness  
Of the Christmas bells?

Cheery, chiming,  
Rythmic, rhyming,  
Heav'nly melody.  
Hear the voice of angels,  
We, once more, in thee.

Big bells ringing,  
Ding - dong - dinging,  
Thoughts of God on High.  
Then the jolly little  
Sleigh bells jingle by.

Silver sparkling,  
Deep'ning, dark'ning,  
Pinioned shafts of sound.  
Freed, they speak of peace on  
Earth that doth abound.

Village church bell,  
City chimes tell  
Each on Christmas morn  
How to us a Savior  
Jesus Christ was born.

Comfort bringing  
Tidings singing  
"Come I for you all"  
In those notes divine, we  
Seem to hear Him call.

—Helen Allen, '21.

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### The Yule Tide Bowl

**T**HERE lived many years ago in the land of Camelot a hermit, Ravanola, a goodly man who was passing kind to the peasantry thereabout. On the eve which marked the dawn of the New Year Ravanola was holding his solitary watch in his humble hermit hut. Before him was the golden bowl which glowed and sparkled in the firelight. As the echo of the midnight bells came through the silence of the night, the bowl slowly crumbled until only a few gray ashes remained of its splendor. Although the brightness had vanished from the room in his soul remained the flame of the divine love which should send him into the world for the coming year with his message of good will to all men. And with the fading of the bowl he sank down and prayed Jesu Christ, and thanked God for His goodness. Then he arose and with only the memory of the Yule Tide Bowl, started anew his work with the unmolded clay.

Ravanola lived and labored many centuries ago even during the time of King Arthur and his Court. He would have none of the life of the castle, but betook himself to the hills for a life of love and service among the peasants there. Long had he lived among them and now the folks far and near knew him and came to him for wise words and comfort. They loved him much, and he was a goodly friend to them all. To the children he was especially kind and loving, and they often came to his hut to play. Most of the time, however, he lived alone in service and prayer.

As a knight of the Round Table Ravanola had wrought great deeds of prowess and had won fame. He, too, had gone on the quest of the Sangreal and during his journey a vision had come to him. It came one night when a storm was approaching. He was resting beneath the shelter of the trees in a great forest. He threw himself down on the soft turf and slept. In his vision he saw a great pool



## THE YULE TIDE BOWL

of water to which tired kine would come to slake their thirst and go away refreshed. Then the storm had come down upon him, and the lightning flashed and the thunder roared. In the midst of it all came a mighty voice among the thunder clouds.

“Up, Ravanola, leave off thy quest, and go among the peasant folks! Do thy work there.”

Therewith the storm abated. He arose and went his way, pondering over that which he had witnessed. As morning broke he neared the edge of the forest where he found a hermit's hut, and being tired and sorely worried he asked admittance. Gladly the hermit invited him into his humble abode. Ravanola related to the hermit the events of the night.

“My son,” said the hermit, when Ravanola had finished talking, “do not seek further for the Sangreal! You will in no wise find it. Go back among the hills near Camelot, and live among the humbler folks. Get you clay and mould it and shape it with careful, loving hands. Put into it the strength of a pure manhood and a God-like fellowship toward men. Begin on the eve of the New Year, and work little by little all the year through. Leave not a weak place, work out each hard clod and in so doing you will mould your own life, smooth out the places in your own life that are rough and hard. In this manner you will overcome your misdoings. In your vision the pool signifies your bowl and the kine are the people for whom you will live and labor. You shall do much for them and God will reward you accordingly to your work and His great goodness.

So Ravanola turned back and lived his life among the hills with the peasants. He gathered clay and moulded it with humble, loving hands. He put the best of himself into it, his kindness, his strength, his goodwill and good fellowship, and his love and fear of God. He worked out the hard lumps, worked over the weak places, strengthening them both with new clay. He made the blessed vessel smooth, compact, and strong.

Often the folk would come and he would help them with words of comfort and advice and they said how good and kind he was, and blessed him accordingly. He loved and served them in return and prayed for them to the great

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Jesu Christ. There was peace among the hills. In this wise he lived from day to day the whole year through. All during the hot days of summer he worked uncomplainingly. He administered unto them, spiritually and bodily. So it drew on to winter and the bowl grew in perfectness as the Yule Tide approached.

At last it was nearing completion, it was Yule Tide Eve. Everything was quiet and the spirit of love and peace seemed to hover over the hut. A glowing fire, blazing on the hearth lighted the room and cast a warm bright light over Ravanola, as he sat at his task. He was polishing and finishing up the bowl; as he worked, a great sense of peace seemed to come over and envelope him, while he plied his fingers deftly. He gave the bowl a final rub, righted it, and stood surveying it.

For almost a year he had worked diligently on it. He had put his best efforts on it, and his very being had gone into the making of it. A year's work had been put into an earthen bowl, but the work was not in vain for a perfect vessel was the result. He looked at it, to be sure it was as smooth as possible. Was it a good shape? Would it hold liquids? He would see, he glanced around the almost bare room to find water to put in it. His glance rested on a flask of holy water. He thought to invoke heaven's blessing on the fruits of his first labor by filling the bowl with holy water. He smiled as he crossed the room and poured the water into it. Then he stood back to regard his handiwork.

Just then the bells rang clear and strong, heralding the dawn of Yule Tide. Immediately the fire light began to pale and a rosy light to fill the room. Then softly a silver light stole down and falling across the bowl transfigured it. As Ravanola watched with trembling joy, it glittered and shone forth; not the clay bowl but a beautiful gold bowl. Then it seemed to take on the sacred shape and form of the Sangreal, to be nearly transparent, the water within to be as wine and to glow as the life blood of the Savior. The very angels above sang, "Peace on earth, joy to men!" A great happiness filled his soul and in ecstasy he closed his eyes and sank on his knees in prayer.

When he arose the silver shaft was gone and so was the



## THE YULE TIDE BOWL

rosy light, but there before him in the firelight glowed the golden bowl and in it there was no longer water but wine of a delicate flavor; he tasted it and his joy and peace was increased tenfold. It was not only in the taste of the wine that he rejoiced, but in the new life and the wonderful loving spirit of Yule Tide it gave to him.

Then as he stood there wondering, there came a knock at his door. Rejoicing that he might share his love and good fortune with another he opened it. There he found an aged couple of the hills, worn out with the toil of living and ready for their blessing of love.

"Come in, ye good folks," he invited, "and what can be your mission on this early Yule Tide morn?"

"We are come," they replied, "to receive our cup of Yule Tide wine for which we have long waited."

"And how," he asked in amazement, "wot you of the wine?"

"Why we wot always that it would come and at midnight a clear voice like that of a trumpet came from heaven saying, "Arise, ye, go to Ravanola, he will fill your cups."

Marveling greatly he filled their cups and they drank thereof. Then the old man and his wife received their happiness also. The spirit of the Yule Tide came upon them and the old people went away content, joyous, and peaceful.

Then came another knock and there entered in a young mother and father with their child. They, too, told the same story, received their cups, and went away rejoicing. Then came a young shepherd lad of the hills. He was alone, but not afraid for his innocense and belief led him aright.

And so they came, young and old, men and women and children, all through the day they came, and on through the Yule Tide week and up until the last night of the year. All cups were filled and yet the wine failed not, each had his portion of love, and with each cup that he filled Ravanola received great joy. At last so great was his love and happiness until his goodness shone forth from his eyes and revealed the greatness of the spirit within him. Then on the evening of the last day they had ceased to come and as he sat before the fire in great contentment the bells proclaimed the waning of the old year and the waxing of the



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new. At the chime of the bells the shaft of light had come again and it fell across the bowl, which crumbled to ashes — then he began anew, starting with fresh clay as before.

And each year the same had happened. Each year he had toiled and from heaven had come this great reward. Now his locks were silver and his figure bent, but his spirit was near divine in its radiance and beauty as he turned again to his work.

Such is the joy of one who spends his life in love and service.

— Elizabeth Chichester, '20.



## Do You Believe in Fairies?

Do you believe in fairies, with shining silv'ry wings,  
That come while you are sleeping and dance in mystic rings?  
Do you believe in brownies, and elves, and nymphs and  
gnomies?

And who is it at Christmas that down your chimney roams?

'Twas late one winter evening, and I was thought in bed  
But sitting by the fireside, a little sleepy head,  
And wondering if old Santa would come to see me too  
And thinking 'bout the fairies, when first thing that I knew

A coal popped out the fireplace, and sat and blinked at me  
and said, "The little girlie is up quite late, I see."

And then it was no firecoal, I ope'd my eyes so wide,  
A little laughing brownie! "A story, dear," he cried.

"A wee small boy named Jackie saved Crabbloom's life one  
day

When bloom in shape of June bug had flown away to play,  
Had captured been by bad boy, and played with, left to die.  
Jack cut the string that bound him, and watched him home-  
ward fly.

And once when we were working upon Queen Rosebud's  
gown

The dawn came soon, we all fled, and soon saw up and down  
The mortals passing laces we'd in our haste forgot.

"The cobwebs, come let's break them." Another voice,  
"Do not."

"They're fairy lace," 'twas Nita, Jack's sister, with some  
girls

We finished it the next night, and blessed sweet Nita's curls.  
They're poor folk, but since that time when Christmas  
comes around

The fairies fill their stockings, with joy they do abound."

When I awoke next morning, all safe in my own bed,  
I thought at once of the brownie, and all that he had said,  
And I'll be good to all things, 'specially small in size,  
Cause don't you know it might be a fairy in disguise.

— Helen Allen, '21.



**Moonlight Fancies**

**V**IRGINIA stood on the bridge of the yacht as it rode at anchor in the busy harbor. She gazed dreamily for a moment at the silent, sleepy old city before she turned towards the sea. She murmured a little sigh of delight. Right before her rose the great yellow moon, and in the center of its shimmering, everchanging pathway lay a Danish sailing vessel. To the right lay the point of the long low island, where the weird light of the moon over the marsh grass made it look like a tossing, tumbling sea of silver. The low palmettoes waved their great arms in the breeze. She gasped with pleasure and clasped her hands with joy. She tossed back her head and the wind ruffled her hair and cooled her cheeks. She was fair and slight; and as she stood there in the moonlight, she seemed more like one of Titania's fairies than a human being.

Indeed, she was her father's good fairy, his happiness and comfort. He was an invalid. Virginia could not remember when he had not been ill. All of her life she had been with him alone. She knew no life but that of sacrifice and service. Besides her father, she had only one companion. That was Dick, the son of her father's doctor and bosom friend. She had played with him from babyhood. They had grown up together, and had lived through those years when air castles grow wonderfully, and are sure to come true. They even talked of times to come when college days would be over, and one castle would do for two. Not long ago, though, fever had taken Dick's life, and left a lonely place in the girl's heart. There was no one to build with now. Tonight the old doctor was below with her father, and she had slipped away while she would not be missed.

From out of the silence behind her came the sound of distant singing, made soft by the beautiful night air. It

## MOONLIGHT FANCIES

fascinated her, and, under its enchanting power she drifted down the gleaming moon trail into dreamland.

"And we wont come back 'till it's over over there!" came the voices over the water. Virginia glanced up the harbor. She saw the huge black transport that had been swinging at anchor slowly steam out. It was convoyed by a little fleet of destroyers, which circled around and around. They passed majestically and silently; the only light to be seen was the moonlight as it cast its long fantastic shadows over the decks. As they gradually vanished, the music came again. This time they sang, "Across the foam in no man's land I'll soon be fighting." A sense of loneliness came over the girl as she realized that she had no one in the great conflict, no one to send to help win the war. If Dick had only lived he might have had some share in this righteous struggle. Possibly he would be sailing on that transport. Her eyes followed the vanished ship, musingly.

Yes, she would bid him goodbye at the dock. She would "Send him away with a smile!" just as the voices told her she should. She could see him waving until his form grew indistinct, and the color of his uniform mingled with that of hundreds of other boys, until he was just a yellow blur. But she knew that he was answering the "call" that every strong man must obey, so she would be brave.

She could see herself while he was away. She would not sit with folded hands awaiting his return. Oh no, there would be no time for idle dreams. She listened. "Keep the home fires burning," came the voice of the oracle to her. While Dick was in France training, she would be training in a hospital on this side of the water. She would work hard and win her commission, then she would be sent across. The letters that came to her were encouraging. He had won his commission, and would soon be at the front.

"Somewhere in France there is a sweetheart, taking the battle's chances," floated to her ear. Her lips seemed to murmur a prayer. She wondered if he would be wounded before she could get there. She worked hard in the hospital just behind the lines. She would do all in her power to bring comfort and cheer to those poor broken men. Always, always, though, she would look for Dick.

"What so proudly we wave at the twilight's last gleaming." The strains of our national anthem drifted across



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the tide. That was what he would whistle as he went "over the top." She could see him as he dashed forward with his men. She leaned forward intensely watching the imaginary advance. The moonlit water was to her the desolate waste of "no man's land." The sparkles were the spirited men as they dashed forward. They gained the trench. But no, the leader who had been in the front, stopped, tottered, and then fell forward. Was he wounded? Virginia's hands gripped the railing, as she strained forward.

She was with him in the hospital. Yes, she had seen him when they carried him in. She had helped with the operation. Now he lay white and still among the pillows. She had nursed him tenderly. In his delirium she had soothed him. He had told her all about herself. He had told her how he loved her, how he had planned for her, and how he fought for her. At last, he regained consciousness. He saw her and smiled. "There are smiles that make them happy," caroled the unknown music-makers. She was happy — for now, she had helped to bring him back to life, and —

"Virginia, I must be going now," called the doctor from below.

A look of pain passed over her face and vanished. With one last glance at the moonbeams she seemed to cast back into their depths the borrowed dreams. The light from the open door shattered the fairy spell that was over her. She moved slowly down the stairs to the side of her father.

— Elizabeth Chichester, '20.



## Mirandy's Christmas Letter

**I** HEARD the postman's whistle, but was rather disappointed when I saw the address on the letter that he handed me.

"Mirandy," I called to our old cook, "here's a letter for you from France."

The old negress came shambling out of the side door grinning from ear to ear, and wiping her hands on her patched apron. I handed her the letter; she looked at the front and then the back, then returned it to me.

"Law, Miss Marthy, you'll hafta read it to me; I nebber was much on readin'."

I opened it and read:

"Somewhere in France,

"dec. 29, 1918.

"deer mirandy

"dis aint er tall lak de Chrismus ah done spent last year an not lak de one what me an gen. pershin planned fer dis yeer. Frum de way things was aheadin we'd a bin in berlin by dis time ifn it hadn't bin fer dem plag-taked germans. We think how purty de kaisers pallice ud look wid tinsel an holly er shinin frum all ob de winders an a u s flag a wavin ober de hole biznes. We hadn't callated on how as dem germans ud go an stop fightin dis soon. Dey am hard fighters, Mirandy, but you know, ahm kinda glad dey did stop when dey did case my roomatiz bin hurtin me powerful bad since col wedder sot in.

"Law, 'omen, ah stahted t' tell yo bout our Crismus but it pears lak ah done went an gone an got clean ofn de track. Wall as ah was asayin we aint had no sandy claus ner Crismus trees ner fireworks ner none ob dem things what we allus had at Crismus time home. An we aint had nobody cepn de capn to say Chrismus gif to. Yo kin sho bet yoah life we sed it to him and he give us all a seegar. An den some salvation ladies give us sumpin ter eat. Twant turkey and fruit cake and sich tho—say Mirandy did you



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all haf anudder egg-nog lak us had las Chrismus? Ma mouth sho do water when ah think bout it.

“Den Chrismus night us built big campfires whar us was astayin. Say Mirandy ah aint agoin ter tell yo de name ob dis town case ah cant spell it in de fust place, in de secund place yo aint got no idee in de back ob yoah wooly haid whar it iz. Wall as ah wuz asayin us built dese big fires out in de streets — er what wood a bin streets ifn dem germans hadn’t done tore em clean up. Dey sho do tear up ebry thing dat dey cant use. Der wuz some folks still alivin in dat town but dey didn’t hardly eber hab nothing to et. Wal de capn he tole us ter git all ob dem folks and bring em ter de celebrashum an git em sumpin ter et. We got em an dey sho did et. I aint nebber seed folks what jus nacherly enjoyed demselves as dem poo ole souls done. One poo ole ’oman tole me dat dis wuz de fust time in three years dat anybody eben treat em decent. De poo ole soul wuz jus ashakin in de cole, and she didn’t haf no coat, so ah gin her dat sweatah whut missy Marthy dun nit fer me, ah dont want yo ter tell Liz. You know how jellus she is.

“Look here, mirandy ahm gwine ter tell yo sumpin an cose ah hated to see it go—aw, yo no how it wuz, Mirandy. lonesomelike ober heer an de udder day when ah was in de big town fer a to weeks furlo ah went ter a fust class hotel. Wal ah ben nocking aroun a while when ah spy a high steppin french fried corord oman. Dat gal wuz some looker. Ah hang around awhile den mak myself quainted ter her an she seemed ter lak me purty well, an so ah see her home. Somehow, mirandy, Liz clean slip my mind. Bout to days fur my furlo wuz up ah ax her how bout marryin me. Bless yo sweet soul ef sh aint say yes. Ah didnt think she would ur. Wal we decide dat us be marrid de nex day. De nex day come and ah wait an wait an wait. She aint come.

Atter I bin waitin bout foah hours long come Jenny, (dats her) wid anudder nigger. Look here Jenny I said how come yo mak me wait so long fur?

“Hi nigger — she giggle ah done marry me anudder man. He am a corporl while yo aint nuthing but a buckin private..’

Buckin private indeed cose ah dont care mirandy, case yo no ah done lov Liz bettern any oman in de worl an ah sho am glad she aint a french fried nigger.

## MIRANDY'S CHRISTMAS LETTER

“Wal mirandy, ah ges ah’ll be home for long so dont yo worry bout me. Give ma spects to missy Marthy an be sho an tell Liz dat while dese french fried niggers am some lookers dat when ah lov ah does ma lovin in de U. S. A., hm well and hopes you am de same.

“Yo lovin bruder,  
“Rufus.”

It was a funny letter, and I enjoyed it. I looked at Mirandy, and found her grinning through a mist of tears.

“Lay, Miss Marthy,” she said, “if I wuz ter tell Liz bout dat, she’d want ter pull dat French-fried nigger’s wool out.”

— Stella Floyd, '20.





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### A Letter From a Soldier

I'm coming back,  
Your soldier, Mack.  
(Oh, hoopla, yell, boys rah!)  
Dearest mother,  
Sis and brother,  
And most beloved pa:-

It's been hard tack,  
Or razor back,  
Or something similar like.  
War is over,  
Dixie, Dover,  
Or—home, that's where boys hike.

I've been well gassed.  
I've sure been "sassed,"  
By Boches over here.  
Life's been fair charmed.  
I'm still unharmed.  
My heart has known no fear.

We've won the war,  
We did abhor.  
— Say, how's my sweetheart, Sue?  
Dearest mother,  
Sis and brother.  
Now won't you love her, too?

Be happy, laugh,  
You can't know half,  
How home-sick I've been — ah!  
Love to mother,  
Sis and brother,  
And most beloved pa.

— Helen Allen, '21.

## A Christmas Eve Soliloquy

"Gee, but Christmas Eve is tough on a fellow! Here I have been good as gold, bout a week an' it looks jus' like everybody in this here house is tryin' to see how mean they can be. Don't look like I can hold in another day. Guess I got to, though, so Sadie'll tell ma how good I been lately. They let her stay in the sittin' room an' help! She swishes in an' out jus' like she owns the whole house an' grins like she's so much better'n anybody else. Huh! Jus' wait 'till after Christmas, then I'll fix her. Jus' lemme look at the ole closet out'n the hall an' ma or Sadia, or some body'll holler,

'Jamie, you get right away from that closet.'

Goodnight, whatter I want with their ole closet anyway? They'll lemme work all right! Oh yes, I can get up on the table an' hang mistletoe an' bring in the holly, but jus' lemme even stick my nose in the kitchen an' they all try to shoo me out. Then right after dinner ma an' Sadie an' mamy went in the sittin' room an' locked the door. I thought maybe I could see what they was doin' in there, so I tried to peep through the key hole an' the hateful things had hung somethin' over it! Jus' like I hadn't been good as anythin' 'bout a week. I hadn't pulled Sadie's hair nor teased the baby nor done anything I usually do. Seems like the better you are the worse everybody else is. Jus' as as soon as I finished supper everybody seemed jus' like they thought 'twas their business to run me off to bed. First I played like I wasn't goin' to pay no 'tention to 'em. Good-night! Didn't they think I wanted to see Santa Claus jus' as much as any one else? Then I decided to go on to bed an' pacify 'em. Now't I'm in bed, I hope they're all satisfied!"

— Alice McKenney, '24.



## The First Christmas Eve

“FATHER, may I go with thee tonight when thou goest to tend the sheep? It is warm tonight, and there is not a cloud in the sky. Please say yea.” So pleaded David, the young son of a shepherd of Bethlehem.

“My son, the night will seem long ere morning. Would not thy little eyes grow heavy with long watching?”

“Nay, father, for I love to watch the dusky hills, and the white sheep by the light of heaven’s bright stars,”

“Then, if thy mother be willing, and thou wilt wrap thyself warmly in thy little sheepskin coat, thou mayst watch with me this night.”

The little lad’s face was all aglow. He had always wanted to spend a night among the sheep on the hills, and now the longed for pleasure was to be his. He trudged along by his father’s side, trying in vain to make his sturdy legs keep up with his father’s stride. They followed a foot path past little huts with clay chimneys just like their own, from each of which slowly curled up a slender spiral of smoke, for the night was cool. They passed barren fields from which the harvest had long been gleaned; where only the stubble remained to give evidence that the land had ever been tilled. Once little David was startled when a donkey stretched his head over a low fence and, with his long ears pointed forward, blinked sleepily at him. He whistled to bring back his courage as he hurried on.

On the hillside were the other shepherds who called joyous greetings to David and his father, and jested with the lad, telling him he would be asleep long ere morning. For a while conversation flowed freely, each shepherd relating the events of the day. As night wore on, silence gradually overcome the little group, and at last the only sound to be heard was the movement of the sheep, and the night songs of the crickets.

It was easy for David to keep awake while the men were laughing and talking, but now his eyelids felt heavy, and his back grew so tired. A crescent hung low in the west, proclaiming the waxing of the moon. There were myriads of stars in the sky, which seemed very near to David as he

## THE FIRST CHRISTMAS EVE

lay on his back watching them. With his stubby little finger he traced the Big Dipper, and he recalled the story he had heard of the great white bear. He also saw the kite with the long tail, which men called Draco. He wearied of this amusement and was sure Old Father Sleep was coming to claim him — when lo, a strange thing happened. A wonderful star, the like of which he had never before seen, flamed across the heavens until it came directly over the old inn in the little town of Bethlehem, at the foot of the hill. There it hung, a dazzling ball of light. Now David was familiar with shooting stars. He had often watched them flash across the sky, and slowly burn out; he wondered what became of them. But this was not a shooting star; it did not burn out; it stood still, and lighted the hills and the town. David wondered and was a little afraid.

“Father,” he called, without turning his head, “look at yon star.”

There was no answer, for his father and the other shepherds had fallen upon their faces and were trembling in great fear.

“Look, father, look,” cried David now greatly excited, and turning he pulled at his father’s shoulder. The old shepherd sat up, awed and silent. Micah’s prophesy came back to him:

“But, thou, Bethlehem, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall he come forth unto me that is the ruler of Israel; whose goings have been from of old, from everlasting,” Could it be true? Were they to behold the promise fulfilled?

The awe-stricken shepherds were still gazing at the star when they were startled by a cry from David, whose voice was so vibrant with excitement as to be almost unrecognizable, even by those who knew him best.

“Look, oh look!” he cried, pointing toward the Milky Way. As their eyes followed the direction of his finger the multitude of stars that cover the darker tints of the sky, seemed to draw back their silver curtains, and through the opening a great shaft of light came down upon them. Down this stream of light floated a majestic figure. The shepherds again fell to the earth in fear. David, with the fearless innocence of childhood, stood gazing at the vision



## THE PINE BRANCH

enraptured. How glad he was that he was with the flock tonight! Why was his father afraid? Such were his thoughts as he gazed at the angel.

A voice broke the stillness, a voice as clear as crystal and as sweet as the tones of a silver bell.

"Fear not; for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy. For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Savior, which is Christ the Lord. Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger."

The shepherds whose fears were calmed by the holy voice, lifted their fears, and looked on the angel.

"'Tis an angel of the Lord," whispered a trembling voice.

The sky had been gradually growing brighter as the angel spoke. A mighty multitude of the heavenly host approached, chanting as they came.

The little shepherd lad was standing beside his father, with both arms outstretched towards the heavenly visitors. His fear and excitement were gone, on his face was a look of joy; his heart was full of the "beauty of sight and sound." The choir of angels which had announced the wonderful message, surrounded him. They brought the message for which Israel had waited so long. And over the hills where great King David, as a boy, had kept his father's sheep, was born the anthem of praise and thanksgiving.

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will unto men."

As the angels repeated the refrain, the voice of David sang with them. As they sang they gradually receded into the heavens, the little lad threw his arms around the neck of his kneeling father, saying,

"Oh father, is it the Messiah? It must be the one for whom we have long waited," he cried, and the old shepherd tenderly folded the child to his heart.

\* \* \* \*

Everyone knows the story; how the shepherds sought the sign of which the angels spoke, how they came to Bethlehem to see if it were true. Everyone knows how they followed the star, and entered the stable, how they found Joseph and Mary, and the babe lying in the manger. However, history does not tell of the lad David, who followed

## THE FIRST CHRISTMAS EVE

his father into the dimly lighted stable. It is of him that I wish to tell you.

David was not accustomed to people, he knew only the shepherds on the hills where he lived. He had grown to be a quiet, thoughtful boy. So he walked along making known his presence only by the clasp on his father's hand. Once in the stable the quiet seemed to reassure him, and he crept timidly up to the manger. There he saw the babe, wrapped in swaddling clothes as the angel had foretold. The soft light from the horn lantern fell on the tiny face, and as David watched it a great peace and a great love for the child entered his heart.

The mother's face was a holy one, her great love for her child was mirrored there. She saw the sturdy little lad standing in the shadow of a great post, and she greeted him with a beautiful smile. Thus encouraged he followed the promptings of his heart, creeping nearer until he stood quite close to the babe. How he longed to touch it! Was this beautiful little one really the Messiah of whom he had so often heard? How happy he would be if he might press one kiss upon the dimpled hand! Presently the little sleeper moved, and one tiny hand was thrown out toward David. The boy felt as if this were a conscious appeal to him. A quick glance at the mother's consenting face gave David courage. He bent over the little outstretched hand, and kissed it reverently. As he realized what he had done he flushed and drew back again into the shadows.

Now the shepherds had been talking with Joseph in the meanwhile, so the father had not missed his little son. The men knelt reverently before Mary and the babe, then bidding farewell to the young carpenter, they went out into the night. At the door the lad was missed, so the father retraced his steps, calling the child's name softly. David longed to stay near the Holy One, but he had learned to obey. He knelt quickly beside the manger, and the light shining from the face of Mary and her babe seemed to reflect in his own small face. Silently he arose and followed his father, carrying in his heart the image of Mary and his Lord.

It was then the chronicle tells us, that "the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had seen and heard, as it was told unto them."



## Editorials

### Christmas Giving

Almost everyone knows the legend of Kublah Khan, the mighty warrior, the wise and just king who administered to rich and poor alike without fear or favor. We remember that on the king's birthday the court assembled in a great white room of the palace. The subjects came robed in white and bringing white gifts to show their love and loyalty still without stain. The rich brought pearls and ivory; the poor brought white pigeons and rice. Nor did the king receive one gift above another as long as they were all white.

We have been forgetting to offer white gifts to our king on his birthday, we have thought more of material and worldly gifts. This year the great white hovering angel has reminded us of the white gifts, and our hearts are softened by a universal joy, sorrow, purpose. What white gifts will you give this year? Will yours be of pearls or ivory or will they be the gifts of pigeons or rice? Of the richer gifts you may give a life of service in the ranks of the Red Cross or Y. W. C. A. Yours may be to give a dearly beloved father, brother, sweetheart, husband or son. We all cannot give the richer gifts but there are gifts we can give. Perhaps it will only be a cheerful letter to brighten the Christmas of one "over there." It may be a comforting word to one "over here"; it may be a tiny deed to smooth the path of some weary traveler on life's journey. For us, girls, it can be thoughts, words, deeds of loyalty to "Georgia's College fair." Here are some gifts of pigeons and rice but these white gifts of love, self-sacrifice, and service are as valuable as are the gifts of pearl and ivory. The value will be the same for all — "Nor will the King regard one gift above another so long as they are all white."

# Alumnae

## Christmas Greetings

"Any man or woman that can give any knowledge or tell anything of an old, old, very old gray bearded gentlemen called Christmas, who was wont to be a very familiar guest and visit all sorts of people, both poor and rich, and used to appear in glittering gold, silk and silver, and had ringing, feasts and jollities in all places, both in the citie and countrie for his coming — Whosoever can tell what is become of him or where he may be found, let them bring him back again into the South Georgia State Normal College."

Can we forget Father Christmas who is always planning so many surprises for us each year? We surely must remember the feasting and merriment which we would not have without him. But where is he now? Oh! —

"Here Come I, old Father Christmas,  
Welcome or welcome not,  
I hope old Father Christmas will  
Never be forgot."

We will never forget for he is so jolly and gay and fills every heart with friendliness and kindness. How we look forward to hearing him say,

"Let's dance and sing, and make good cheer,  
For Christmas log to the firing."

As each face glows with innocent enjoyment, so the hearth glows with a sparkling of the Yule Tide fire as Father Christmas shouts,

"Come bring with a noise  
My merrie, merrie boys,  
The Christmas log to the firing."

And as we dance and sing with a merry noise old Father Christmas joins us in sending to each alumnae member, our heartiest greetings and best wishes for happiness thru the Christmas and the coming year.

Stella Mathis, '18.



# Lorals

Last night was  
Xmas and all the  
Girls hung their stoc-  
Kings on the  
Radiators and Santa  
Did come.  
Lena got a boy  
Named luke and  
She was glad.  
Bessie got one named  
Elliot and she  
Threw him on the  
Floor with many  
Dark looks. i guess  
She must not  
Have been pleased.  
Bebe lang got a  
Box of jewelry from  
A kress establishment  
And maybe she wont  
Wear everybody elses  
Now. and sadie got  
A present with a  
Bill for 10 cents. annette  
Got a trash-basket  
Full of ear-rings  
But she was sorry  
She did not get  
Two baskets. eva  
Floyd got a letter  
From somebody  
And she said, o  
Gee but she would  
Not let anybody see.  
Mary bass got a  
Pound block of  
Butter and she  
Ran to get some  
Bread.  
And kathrine white

Got a doctor's degree  
And she was happy  
And tried to look wise.  
Ruth browne thought  
She would get an in-  
Vitation to be an in-  
Terior decorator and  
She missed her guess  
Cause she got a  
Little rubber ball  
That would bounce.  
Helen mizelle got a  
Pack of stuff for  
Some kind of  
A pine branch. she  
Right away fainted  
And they threw some  
H2O in her face and  
She sat up and groaned.  
Stella was very ex-  
Cited and wondered  
What she would get  
And you would  
Never guess. she got a wed-  
Ding invitation from a  
Boy at Ga. and  
She was dissolved in tears.  
Then everybody had  
Theirs but edith pat-  
Terson and she  
Pulled out a  
Man by one heel  
But he wiggled  
And she dropped  
Him in distaste  
And he  
Ran away. that  
Is all and  
I thank you.

Lois May, '19.

## LOCALS

### The Yuletide Festival

"All teachers, as they do pass on their way, at gentlemen's halls are invited to stay." Accordingly on the evening of December twentieth we were summoned to appear at the baronial hall for a time of jollity and revelry in true old English fashion. We came — lords and ladies, pages and maids, peasant men and peasant women — all in our most festive mood and attire.

When two trumpeters proclaimed that the hour for merry making had arrived we proceeded to the dining hall joyously singing "Adeste Fidelis." We seated ourselves at the tables which were piled high with "plum pudding, goose capon, minced pies and roast beef." Then came the steward bringing the boar's head; he was followed by the minstrelsy. With dance, song, tale and feasting the evening wore on. Gradually the activities took on a more serious nature, and the sacred old carols were softly and beautifully sung in only the light of the wonderful star near the center of the hall.

As the peasants, led by the minstrelsy, sang "Silent Night," the Lords and Ladies passed quietly from the hall, followed by the rest of the company.



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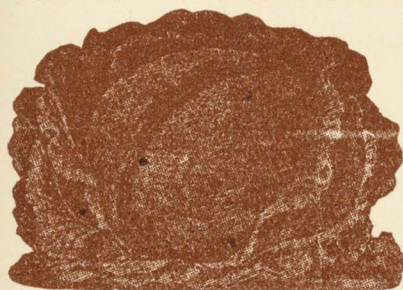
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