

THE PINE BRANCH

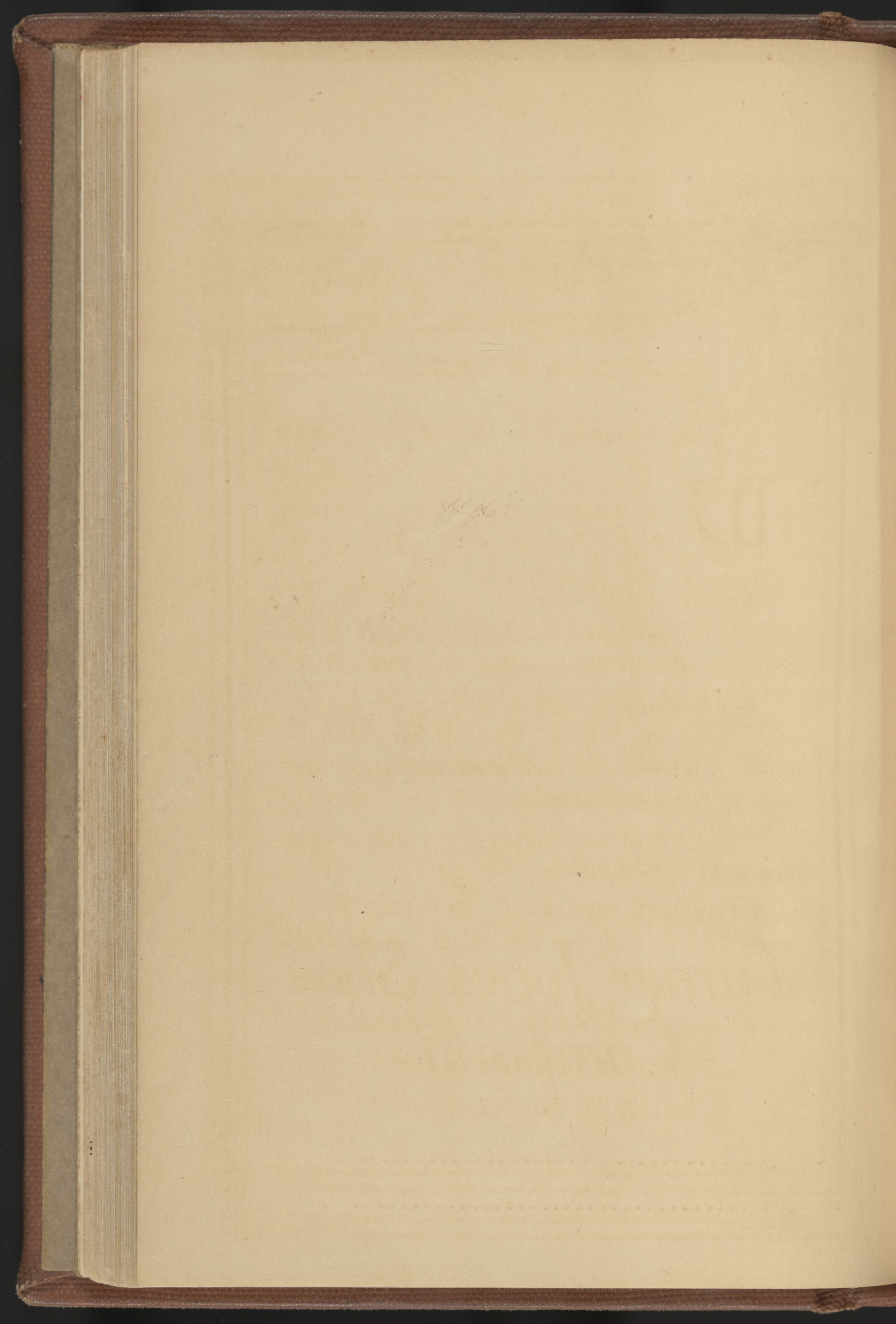


DECEMBER

1919

VOLUME 3

NUMBER 3





WE hope to have the repeated pleasure of greeting many college students during January 1920. The major part of our spring line will be on display and we extend to you the invitation to call and inspect them at any time, with no obligation whatever to buy.

Our showing of authoritative models in women's stylish low cuts will prove of important interest to buyers who seek combined style and value in feminine footwear.

You will find here Spring styles that are the final word in modishness.

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The Pine Branch

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The Pine Branch Wishes

Its Readers

A Merry Christmas

and

A Happy New Year



And Kris Kringle Lived On

There was a sad and heavy heart in the little Leure home as the Christmastide drew nearer and nearer. A heart heavy with the remembrance of days that were past, and a heart sad at the thought of an empty, joyless Christmas for the little one, Elise.

Elise, herself, was never sad for long. It was only when she saw the tear-stained face of Mme. Leure that she remembered the good father and the brothers who had gone away never to return. Then truly she was sad, but not for a long time; for children forget quickly. On the whole she was very happy. She played in the tiny yard, going sometimes into the village with her mother, sometimes alone. Always on these occasions she saw the two dark-haired children of the American colonel (the Americans were there doing Reconstruction work) and watched with wonder the happy carefree way in which they threw themselves on the big, stern-faced man who was their father; so certain they seemed of his love.

One day just recently Elise had unwittingly wrung her mother's heart with her innocent little question:

"Mother, was Kris Kringle killed in the war, too?"

Just a little question it seems, and yet it filled the mother's heart with despair. She could not but picture the child's sorrow when, on Christmas morning, she found that Kris Kringle had passed her by. She had said nothing to Elise about the coming of Christmas because she knew that she could not save enough from her tiny pension for toys, however cheap. Almost a king's ransom it would take to provide the customary toys. Small wonder then, if Mme. Leure was crushed by the thought of Christmas. But she let matters drift, hoping that somehow matters might not be quite as bad as she feared they would be. Then just at dusk on Christmas Eve, came Elise—eyes bright, face aglow and her small body tense with excitement.

"Oh, Mother," she cried, flinging herself into her

AND KRIS KRINGLE LIVED ON

mother's arms, "Kris Kringle is not dead. Only just now I saw him. Oh! Oh! I am so happy, mother, everything will be alright now; dear, kind Kris Kringle was not killed in the war."

Mme. Leure, gathering the happy child in her arms, could scarce choke back the sobs that threatened to unnerve her. After a barely perceptible pause she questioned the child.

"Where, dear, did you see him?"

"Oh, did I not tell you?" ran on the eager little voice, "it was when I went to get the bundle of chips—are they not nice, fat ones?—it was then I saw him. He was standing in the door of the house where the little foreign children live. So plainly I could see him against the fire. Oh, but I am so happy!"

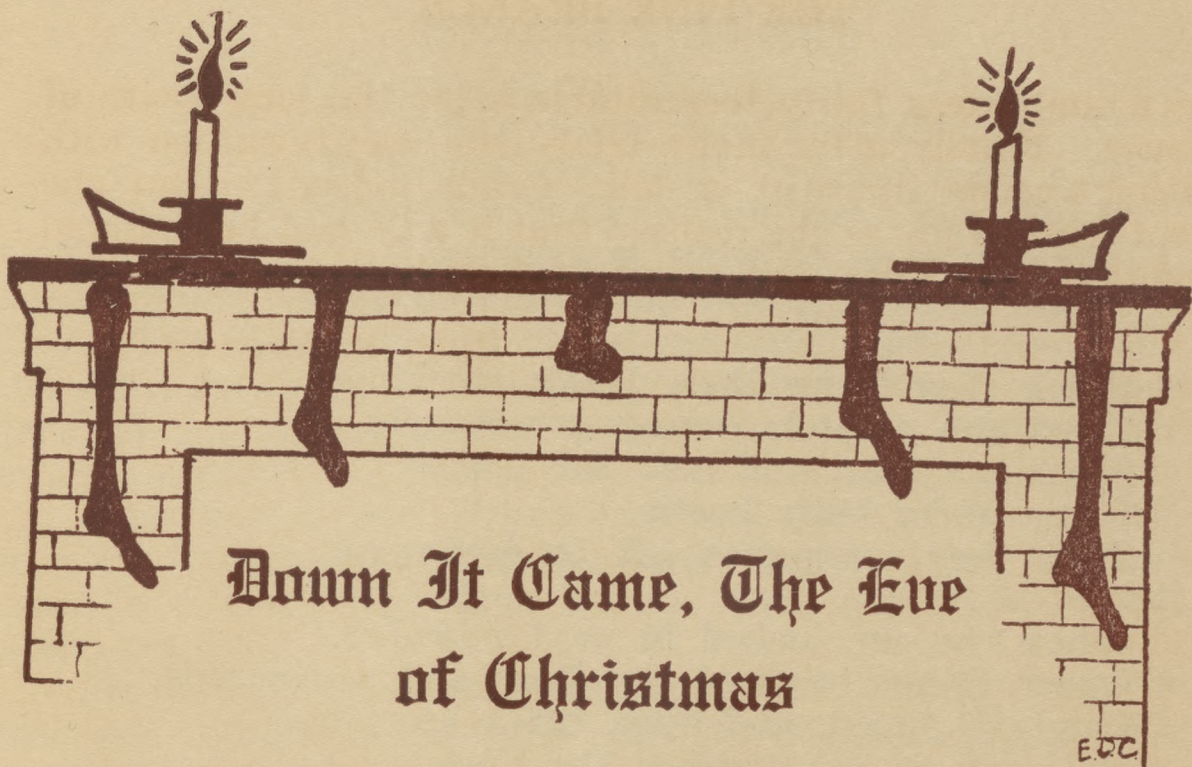
She was really so excited that she could scarcely stand; so it was without much difficulty that Mme. Leure persuaded her to go to bed. When the mother was left alone, she went into the little kitchen to think out her problem. Surely, she could not bear that the little Elise be so sorely disappointed. She had always led the child to place implicit faith in the goodness of Kris Kringle, and yet what could she do? Her mind seemed absurdly blank. If only she could think of some solution! She looked dully around the room as though the meager furniture might offer some suggestion. As she fixed her gaze absently on the small wood box by the stove, there came to her from the depth of memory an old picture. Slowly she visualized a family group. The father, an old man then, with four or five brightfaced children grouped around him, all of them watching him intently. Then again she saw her own attempts to copy her father's handicraft. At first she was not very successful but later she acquired a certain amount of skill in carving small dolls and even some animals. With a start of surprise Mme. Leure came back to the present, but it was a Mme. Leure who was the possessor of a long forgotten gift. For was she not the daughter of M. Blan? And M. Blan, as everybody knew, had been widely known for the wooden manikens that he carved.

The unaccustomed excitement lent Mme. Leure's fing-

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ers a nimbleness fairly incredible after the long years of disuse. Finally, after many trials, she was rewarded with rather a crude figure of a doll. Crude indeed! But she wept tears of joy as she realized that a way had been found and that, for Elise, the spirit of Kris Kringle would live.

Ruth R. Browne '21



Down It Came, The Eve of Christmas

Down it came, the eve of Christmas,
Mystery brooded through the household,
Children sat and watched the shadows,
Wav'ring, walking, bowing shadows,
Flitting on the fire-lit ceiling.

Sat and roasted nuts in ashes,
Apples dripping near the fireside,
Sat and wondered o'er the turkey,
Cakes and pies—but most—the turkey,
For tomorrow's dinner waiting.

Sat and wondered—'queer ol Santa,
Is the north pole Santa's homeland?
Wondered if they'd watch they'd see him,
Believed they'd peep that night and see him,
Granny shook her wise old noggin.

Granny pinched her snuff and muttered:
"Once a naughty boy saw Santa,
He was 'wake and Santa saw him,
And he left, because he saw him,
Just a stocking full of switches!"

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All the children's eyes grew wider,
"We were joking," then they answered,
"Sand man's coming," mother murmured,
"Coming early," father murmured,
"Time good girls and boys were sleeping."

Quick they hung their lanky stockings,
From the mantel; swung grotesquely,
Stockings four, and last, the bootie,
Little pinky baby bootie,
Then they scampered off to dreamland.

When the sun looked in next morning,
Queer things strewed the floor and bedspreads,
Candy stripped, and limp, black stockings,
Half and wholly emptied stockings,
Bulging stockings, odd—misshapen.

Little candy streaked faces,
Happy arms o'erflowed with treasure,
Gray-yarn balls and rag doll babies,
Gingerbread and corn-cob babies,—
Smiled the old sun, "Merry Christmas!"

Helen Allen '21



Christmas Jewels

The street of the little Mexican village was long and desolate looking. The trees drooped as if their burden was too heavy. The over-hanging clouds were solemn and gray. The fence around the dilapidated house was torn and mud-splashed. Everything was in keeping with the dark, gloomy little face that looked from the dingy, cobwebbed window.

Juan looked and wondered why it had to be. Why couldn't the sun shine and the birds sing on this Christmaside as they had done before; then his little sister would get well.

He turned from the depressing view outside only to find one more disheartening and sorrowful in his grandmother's poverty-stricken little room.

The peat fire, flickering weakly on the sunken hearth, sent a feeble ray of light across the room. It fell on the low, worn bed and showed the pale suffering face of a little girl. As Juan turned from the window she held out a thin, white hand and murmured, "Juan, if I could only touch one of the Holy Mother's jewels, I know I would get well. Miss Hill at the mission said for me to have faith; and I have, but—O, Juan, isn't there some way?" and she sent a wan, appealing smile to her gloomy, sympathetic brother.

He bent and suddenly kissed her, whispering, "Just wait, little Leta, you shall have a chance." With that he snatched his shabby hat and rushed outside into the stormy weather. He walked rapidly, looked neither to right or left, so did not know that Father Jule was following him, rather curiously. He ran on until he came in sight of the lovely cathedral situated on a knoll surrounded by trees. As he entered the grove he slackened his gait and slipped from tree to tree. He walked hastily into the vestibule, crossed himself and rushed into the church.

Oh, what a difference between this rich, beautiful church and that poor, careless room in the village. The highly polished pews, the wonderfully carved saints and the bright, sparkling gems on the virgin's fingers. Could

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it be that little Leta was to suffer, so that the rich might worship in luxury! No, no, and with a sob Juan flung himself at the virgin's feet, who with her ever enduring love would look down upon him and help him.

The sun came out from behind the clouds and streamed in through the beautiful windows. It fell in a glow over the figure of the Virgin Mary and created a halo about her. The jewel in Don Juan's hand glittered and sparkled in the sunlight.

"Oh, Mother Mary, forgive me," he whispered, "but it is not for myself that I take it. It is for the little one at home, and I'll bring it back. Then I'll give everything to you; I'll give my life, my all."

There was a profound stillness in the church. Then a stir and Juan was sure he had felt the forgiving hand of the Virgin Mary on his head. But when he looked up it was to meet the all-understanding gaze of Father Jule.

Don Juan," he said, "come with me."

Once outside Father Jule told him there was a great doctor in town who could make little Leta well. Then, too, the matrons had awakened to the fact that there was somebody who needed their help and they were going to give to Juan out of their abundance of love and happiness.

"Now, son, run home and tell the glad news to your dear little sister. Think how happy she will be."

Juan looked around the room that night and wondered what had changed it so. The windows were not so dingy, the old chairs seemed more friendly and comfortable; the fire burned brighter and a gleam of happiness filled the room. Juan heaved a sigh of contentment and fell asleep with the firelight making fantastic shadows over him as it flickered, wavered and died down to gleaming, glowing coals.

Bernice Pearson '21



The Gift of Gifts

"God rest you merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
Remember Christ, our Savior,
Was born on Christmas day."

The corridors rang with the happy voices. The girls were returning from chorus, where they had been practicing carols for the Christmas festival. Each voice was lifted in song and each heart re-echoed the spirit of love, gladness and sacredness imparted by the old songs. A group of girls paused near a door and as one of them drew away they protested.

"Don't go in, Lou."

"Come on and make Christmas presents."

"Aren't you coming?"

The girls were so eager and the questions came so fast that Louise had had no time to answer.

"Of course I'm coming, in a minute," she threw back laughingly as she rushed into her room.

"Oh Gene! I'm so thrilled. Its so wonderful; I just love Christmas. It just makes you feel so warm and good on the inside. I'm certainly—Why what's the matter Gene?"

The other girl had been looking mournfully out of the window and had not even turned around as Louise entered. Even her back showed an utter lack of interest. Louise knew her face would be worse. Louise was a little exasperated; Christmas was so wonderful to her and 'Gene had not yet shown the least interest in the coming festivities.

"Oh 'Gene, you haven't a bit of Christmas spirit." Louise was just a little indignant. She could not help it.

'Gene turned fiercely.

"And why should I?" she demanded.

Louise was greatly abashed—"Why-erer everybody has it. Don't you just feel it? Don't it make you tingle?" She warmed to her subject now. "Why 'Gene the air is full of it. It shines from everybody's face and you can't escape it anywhere. Surely you feel it!"

"Pshaw! No I don't. I don't feel anything like that.

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I don't see what you find so wonderful. All you do is sing and make Christmas presents. I don't see what makes you so happy about it. Its nonsense."

"Oh, 'Gene, its not," Louise was sorry for her now. "Its a wonderful big love. Don't you enjoy it? Don't you just love everybody and everything at Christmas?"

"No, I don't. I don't enjoy it and I don't love anybody or anything because its Christmas. I don't see why you talk that way."

Now, Louise was aghast. "Well where do you go Christmas time if you don't enjoy it?"

"Why I stay right here. Its as good a place as any."

"Stay here! Stay here in this lonely, dismal place during Christmas? No wonder you don't enjoy it. No wonder you don't love it. No wonder you don't love anybody. You scarcely have anybody to love." Louise's eyes were moist as she plead with 'Gene. "Please 'Gene wont you come home with me? Wont you let me show you what Christmas means, even in our poor way?"

Something in Louise's earnestness and sympathy (it may have been the Christmas spirit, who knows) appealed to 'Gene; and, though she was a skeptic, she consented.

'Gene, who had had royal company and wonderful dinners, admitted with a slight thawing of the ice surrounding her real personality, that this was the most enjoyable dinner she had ever attended. No, it was not dinner Louise's people would have laughed at that, they had supper at night, but dinner or supper it was a most enjoyable meal. So far everything had been very pleasant. They had been met at the train by Louise's father and three children. Such a meeting as it was! 'Gene had never before received such a hearty welcome. It was all joy and beauty and love. On the way to the house little Sue had slipped her hand into 'Gene's in such a warm, confiding way that it went straight to her heart, and hurt. She talked, too, about Santa Claus and what he would bring her, and how she would get up early in the morning to catch "Uncle Mose" "Christmas gift."

"And I'm going to pray to God tonight to make everybody happy on Christmas day."

THE GIFT OF GIFTS

Then in the afternoon they had gone in the wagon for holly. They had delayed this joyous event until the girls could go too. How pretty had been the red berries and dark green leaves; the mistletoe, too, was so clingingly soft with berries so white like tiny stars in the milky way. On the way back they had walked by the wagon and sung the merry old Christmas songs. Nobody said anything to 'Gene; but as she came nearer the house, and she saw Louise's mother in the doorway, she, too, joined in the singing. They were lovely old songs and she wondered why she had never thought so before.

Now, tonight, as they sat at the table, everybody talked and laughed. The children's eyes sparkled and their laughter was enough to delight a more starved heart than 'Gene's. Suppressed excitement and expectancy charged the air. The children chatted away, making wild guesses about Santa's presents. The mother and father nodded knowingly at each other and smiled happily on the children. 'Gene had never seen anything like it and already she loved it.

After supper the children needed no urging to make them get into their night clothes and came scampering back into the livingroom to hang their stockings. Little Sue came in first and she danced around, in high glee when she realized that she had beaten the boys, who could not find their night clothes. But she would not hang her stockings. "No, sirree, not 'till everybody come."

"I'll tell you. Let's write letters to Santa," she said to 'Gene.

Louise gave 'Gene a quizzical smile and wisely left the maneuver to "Little Sue."

"You don't know how," Sue laughed, "didn't you ever write any?" But she did not wait for an answer, scribbling on a paper, she read what she thought she wrote. "Dear Santa. Please bring me a doll and mama a big girl like Miss 'Gene and father a—" and so she named over all the wants of all the family and wound up by saying, "and bring Miss 'Gene everything she wants. What do you want Miss 'Gene," she queried.

'Gene looked dreamily into the fire, trying to find an answer to the child's question; but she was saved by the

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entrance of all the family, ready to hang stockings. But the letter was sent and 'Gene was to have what she wanted most.

The stockings were hung amid much laughter and gaiety, 'Gene having hers, too. How could she help it? How friendly the room looked with the row of stockings before the fire, and the happy faces. What a contrast to—but 'Gene shuddered and determined never again to make the comparison. As the last stocking was hung, the mother drew her chair up close to the fire and sat down with the baby in her lap. 'Gene did not know what was to happen, but this time she could feel the sacredness of the occasion and she, too, sat down. Little Sue crawled into her lap and cuddled there. 'Gene's heart beat warmly and her eyes were strangely soft as she watched the others. They were seated around the fire in a semi-circle. The lights had been turned out, but she could see plainly the mother and child in the firelight. It was still, a sweet stillness, and a strange peace seemed to settle over 'Gene's heart and as she listened it grew, for in a low, sweet voice the mother told the wonderful age old story of the Christ child. How he had been born so many years ago in a manger in the little town of Bethlehem. How he had come to give peace and love to all the world. How the angels had sung and the people rejoiced; and as she told it in that simple, sweet way that the children might understand 'Gene's eyes softened more and more and at last as the story ended and together they said the little prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep," they shone with brightness of love so intense that Louise saw and was happy. 'Gene, too, was peaceful and happy and as she placed little Sue tenderly in bed, she murmured: "Darling child, Santa has brought me what I most want—the spirit of Christmas."



How We Celebrate our Olde English Festival

at

S — G — S — N — G

First, all the wilde heads of the college flocking together chuse them a grand Captaine (of mischief) whom they innoble with the title of "My Lord of Misrule," and him they crowne with great solemnitie and adopt for their king. This king annoynted, calls forth twentie, fourtie, three score, one hundred or two hundred or more lusties to wait upon him and make merrie with the Lords and Ladies, country squires and their dames and the villagers at this feaste tyme.

Everyone is invested in cloth of yellow, greene, pink or light, pawdy holiday color, bedset with scarffes, ribbons, laces, precious stones and other jewels. Some of the dancers tie belles about either legge, twentie or fourtie belles, which they make sneake upon the board floor. They carrie rich handkerchiefs in their hands—probably borrowed of their pretie "Monsies" or loving Bessies.

Thus, all things set in order, then have they their hobby horses, their dragons, their Fool and Sooty Face and other antiques, together with their baudie pipers to strike up the Morrice Daunce, withal.

Then marche this companie singing a beloved processional songe to the feaste where a boar's heade is provided, with sprigs of holly and bay aboute it, and an redde apple in its mouth. A wassail bowl all grande with lamb's woule is made of maplin wood and inviteth goode cheere.

Now the Lords and Ladies sit majestically on dais at the uppre end of the roome, whyle the rest of the entire companie place themselves about the groaning board and the time is spent in mirth and jollitie.

Sometimes a bande of villagers who have joined together before the feasting and learned difficulte songes, display how sweete they can make their verses sound.

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Sometimes the whole village makes music for the feaste.

The Carol in honor of the Boar's Head and "God Rest You Merrie Gentlemen" is lustily sung. Then some strolling players, hearing of the merrymaking, enter, one carrying the Bull's Head which they won in a fight over the appointing of a Mayor for their own Christmas festivities. Another player with a cake impaled on his sword, slices it for the Lords and Ladies and receiveth much silver to put in his emptie pockets. And Sooty Face, the fool, part jealous maketh jest at these, several times trieing to anger the players, who discourse about St. George of Merrie England and King Alfred and his bride. Several times he nearly gets a swinging blowe, because this buffoon tryes to do in gesture what the players are acting before the guests, and his sheep's belle is ever mingling with the wordes of the actors until one on the outside carrying a pan to collect money, perceiveth; his choler arises, and he teareth the fox's tail, hanging like a ramillie whip, from the fool's cap. Endeth the playe!!

The festival continues thruout the evening. A leader or conductor, whose reputation is greatest for knowledge of music, directs them in chanting hymns composed in God's honour in many metres and melodies. Sometimes singing togther, sometimes just one chorus; the well beloved folk carols such as "Boar's Head Carol," "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow," "God Rest You Merrie Gentlemen," "First Noel" and "Silent Night."

Then there are those dancing measures or inspiring those dancing in set dances or circle dances, right and left. Then from among the audience come two dancers from the court and cause the country swains to jealously watch, because their clumsy hoofes could not accomplish the stately measure. And the village maidens sighe to tease the knightly dancer as does his faire partner with her airy, mocking ways.

But, as though they had no shame, next comes a troope of bold lads and lassies who foote it awkwardly around with much bobbing of heades, capering of feete and hand clapping. Then come others growing more easy and dance it featty between times in the feasting.

HOW WE CELEBRATE OUR OLDE ENGLISH FESTIVAL

Suddenly among the audience appeareth the strange frivolders who proclaime themselves as skilled in the art of myrth provoking stunts, and for their marvelous magic tricks this bande is bid to heartie welcome at the bounteous feast.

Toward the end of the evening when candles grow dim the voices become hushed and with sweet solemnitie are all eyes directed to the blazing star with its significant message which fills the hearts of these celebrating Xmastide.

And finally with voices swelling into the anthem of "Silent Night" these merriemakers and kind folk frift away from the festivities, their voices dying as the last words are sung. The companie steal silently, reverently away and disperse to their homes.



The End of The World

"Lordy, Lordy, what is we a gwine ter do, Mandy?"

"What am a-workin' on you anyhow, nigger?"

"Why, Mandy, ain't you heerd about hit yet?"

"'Bout which?"

"Why, de world's a-comin' to der end,"

"What is you a-talk—"

"I know hit is, caise I had it read ter me outen der newspaper."

"Quit yo' lyin' Rastus. I aint bleavin' a word o' what you's a-sayin', caise if hit wuz de truf, missus would dun a-called us niggers in dere an' tol' us about hit."

"Well, Mandy, der Pro—" he stopped and scratched his head in an effort to bring back the word. "Oh! I know now—de Prolopseter said dat de worl' is er comin' to de end, and I'se a-gwine ter die as dead as a do' nail."

"Shet right up. I don't bleave dat dere Proloopseter knows what he's a-talkin' 'bout nohow. So jest shet up."

"Mandy, de sun am a-gwine ter spot! Dat's what he done said; an' dat means dat de sun am gwine ter stand in der middle uv Mr. Mars; en Mr. Mercedy an' Miss Venis am a-gwine ter ketch de lef' han' uv de sun an' pull against Mr. Jupiter an' Mr. Nepchune and Satan. Everybody's scared plum ter death caise dey might pull de sun in two! Mr. Mars is mighty strong an' Satan he will tempt de lady, Miss Venis. I know caise de women folks ain't got much constitootion agin temptin', an' dey's much mo' easier scared dan men fokes, too."

"You jes' shet right up, now! You's a-runnin' ober de lines an' gittin' on dangerous groun' when yo ubegin makin' fun uv de women fokes. What hab de most sense uv all de secks? An' when it comes to de scared part—you is so scared right now till you looks jest like a young turkey buzzard tryin' ter stan' on its legs fer de fust time, yo' legs is a-shakin' so. An' here I stan's so indignat wid you dat I am mos' blue wid madness. Come right along now. I'm a-gwine ter ax Miss Bradley about hit—come on I say."

Rastus follows slowly, talking all the while.

THE END OF THE WORLD

"—Well, Mandy, all der cradles ob de volcanoes whut eber wuz is a-gwine ter turn loose en shoot out uv 'em fire an' laver ober all de cities."

"Shet up, Rastus. Dem things is done been dead fer years an' years."

"But, Mandy, de dead folks en' ebery other dead thing is a-gwine ter come back to life at de end uv de worl'. Hab you done fergit yo' Bible?"

"Yes, yes, sho 'nuff. Well, come on in dis kitchen—I sees her now."

As they enter the door, Rastus bows politely and calls out: "Missus aint de world a-comin to de end?"

"Yes, Rastus—"

"What! Am it? O Lordy, I didn't believe what dat nigger tol' me! O Lordy! Lordy—"

"Wait until I finish what I was saying. The world is coming to an end some day, but no one knows when," continued Mrs. Bradley.

"But, missus, de newspaper says hit is."

"The newspaper report was a fake."

"Oh, missus, I is so glad. (to Rastus) Didn't I tole you so?"

"Yes, you sho did. You wimmen folks hab got de mos' sense uv all de secks in de world, an' I orter a-knowed hit."

Anne E. Chichester, Sub-A





Holly Twigs

A Christmas Soliloquy

“What on earth did Ellen hang me way up here for? For the life of me I don’t see; but I guess I’ll soon find out. Here comes Santa Claus with lots of bundles. Ah-ha! I see now. I, the Honorable Mr. Stocking am here to receive presents for little Ellen. Oh I hope he will give me something nice so she will be pleased. Why here goes a doll—and just look at the raisins, nuts, apples, oranges, and oh, what a lot of candy, too! My I can’t hold much more. I hope I don’t fall ’cause all these goodies would be spilled. Gracious, he hasn’t finished yet; here goes something else. Wonder what it is? It’s all tied up. I bet its a ring. I just know it is. * * * Thank goodness, he is gone; if he had put much more I should have fallen sure. I just hope I’ll make Ellen happy. Mercy! I’m awfully sleepy. I must have been awake a long time. Just think, when I wake up early in the morning it’ll be Christmas and everybody will greet everybody else. Well, good-night, I’ll tell you Merry Christmas the very first thing in the morning.”

L. B.

TWIGS

S. G. S. N. C.
Dec. 13, 1919

Santa's Letter

Dear Santa Claus:-

I've been a VERY, very good girl this year, mostly because I've been so busy teaching. Did you ever have to teach, Santa? If you did you know what joys and sorrows befall one. We do have such a hard time making lesson plans; so, Santa, I want you to bring me a book full of plans "ready made and appoved", bearing on any subject in the first seven grades. I've never seen one like this, but I'm sure some man must have written such a book. If you have any difficulty in finding this you might try Messrs Rears & Soebuck; they have so many nice things. (If you'll write them they'll send you a big catalogue free.)

And, too, I'd like to have a nice book containing Christmas poems, stories and pictures. Miss Morris has so many things like this, and you just don't know how we enjoy hers. If you have enough of these, please bring all the Seniors one. I'm sure they'll appreciate it so much.

Now I don't mean to be "fussing" but you know how little children are. Those I teach just wont sit still, and they talk, laugh and fight right in school. Do you 'spose you could find a new set that are like dolls; you have to push a button before they can walk or talk. I often wonder how nice it would be to teach that kind.

And don't forget my two room-mates, Santa. They've tried so hard to keep out of court this year. They want some nuts, fruit and candy; and be sure you bring us a tin box to keep them in. (I 'spose you've heard our new regulation about us keeping food in our rooms.)

Miss Gallaher will be here Christmas and she wants a set of model girls—the kind that will be just a "wee bit more careful about being busy girls and not loaf in the halls". Mrs. McGarrah needs a cook book with lots of different ways to make the same thing. And don't forget Mrs. Browne, either. She wants one of these new machines you never heard of that will count laundry in and

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out and pay off all the washerwomen and wont let anybody make a mistake.

Some of the Seniors like to go to the movies. Please bring them a free ticket to all the good shows and permission to stay late.

Thanking you in advance,
A. Senior

Over The Flesh Pots

The Christmas dinner was in preparation, plump Mrs. Barge and her daughter, who had become a scrawny echo, were turning gold-crisping chicken in the same spider. White smudges decorated the ample bosom and hips of Mrs. Barge's black sateen, where the skimpy peter-pan apron was pitifully inadequate. Her shiny nose, too, bore evidence of a recent wrestle with the flour barrel. Tho her face was flushed from the heat of the stove, the good-natured wrinkles at eye and mouth edges still chased themselves amusedly. A rose touch, too, brushed Matida's yellowish pallor. The blue calico waist, tortured with white rings as a heathen's nose, rose and fell languidly over her flat bosom. As she bent to peer at the potato pies through a carefully calculated crack in the oven door, her wiry form traced itself in angular lines thru the gingham skirt; and sunk into greenish-black lisle of many washings and run-over, cracked, patent leather, with a multitude of frivolous straps and buttons.

"An' your Aunt May, she said that the only living comfort she had on earth was that George Hector wasn't born twins," Mrs. Barge's luscious voice ran on gossipily.

Came an appreciative titter from Matida, "Law Ma, wasn't he the funniest thing—an' her that outdone—the morning she was washin' him an' he slipped out of her hands like an eel an', runnin' down to the kitchen, crammed all his clothes to the bottom o' the lard can! A-hee! An' then when she was dressin' him for church Sunday, he goes an' sets himself, calm as you please, in the washbowl, sloppin' water all over the new rug she'd got as a premium

TWIGS

for tradin' twenty-five dollars' worth, an' soakin' the white suit she'd stayed up nights to iron."

Mrs. Barge mopped at the bright sparkle of tears wending their way down the laughing wrinkles. "I declare, but when his gran'pa' said in that awful dead quiet tone of his 'Naow, George Hector, don't let me see you do that again,' that child looked just like he'd just got up from a long sick spell. * * * * Th' Law! Matida, the coffee's bilin' over; an' when HAVE we looked at them dumplin's? Sarah an' her folks'll be here torectly, now. * * * This reminds me of what ol' Miz Lumpkin said th' time she got so disgusted with them 'bontons' givin' their finicky orders on th' train. She up an' said, 'Waiter, bring me—' a-hee! I can't help laughin' over it yet—'bring me—.'"

"'A half of a hummin' bird's heart, if you please,'" supplemented Matilda.

A honking greeting from the front gate sent them both on the run, Mrs. Barge striving, ineffectually, to tuck in an escaping flutter of iron-grey curls as she waddled along.

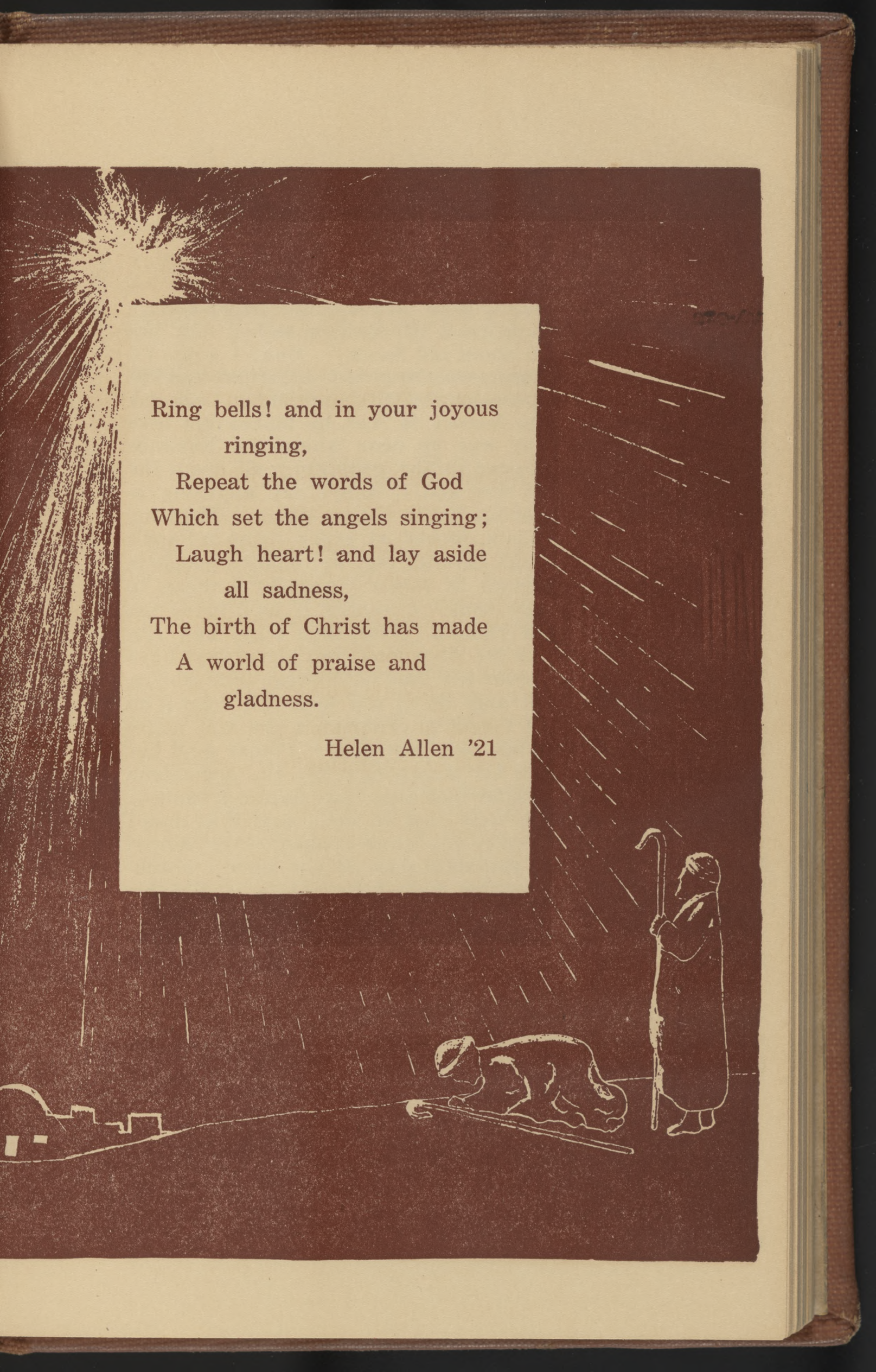
H. A.



Lo! A King is Born

Shine stars! and with your
radiant beaming,
Wash clean and pure the
earth,
As high you hang and gleaming.
Glow moon! and from your
mystic quiver
Shoot silver-touching shafts
On every gleaming river.





Ring bells! and in your joyous
ringing,
Repeat the words of God
Which set the angels singing;
Laugh heart! and lay aside
all sadness,
The birth of Christ has made
A world of praise and
gladness.

Helen Allen '21

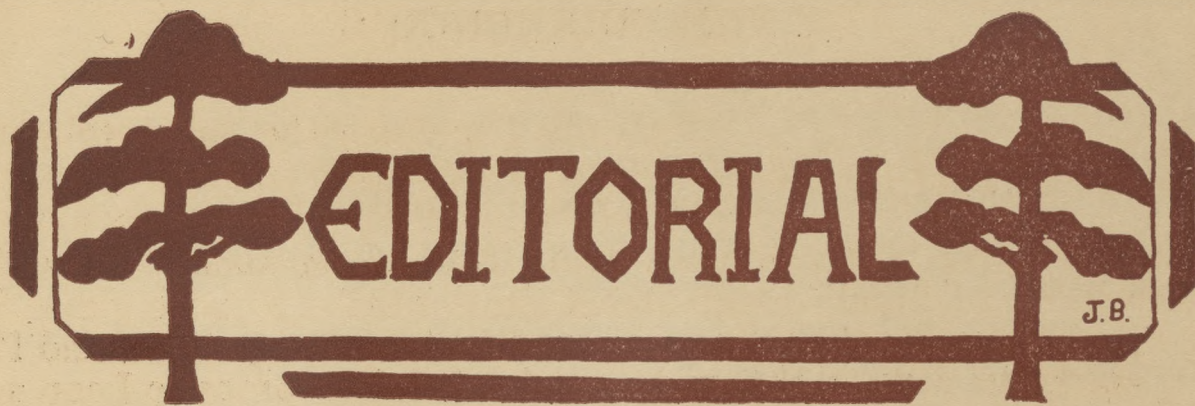
THE PINE BRANCH

I Wonder If— “All my life I’ve been wanting to see Santa Claus and I ’spect to-night is just about as good a chance as I’ll ever have. Mama said, ‘Run along to bed now like a good child and dream about old Santa!’ Huh! I guess I’d just as soon see him as dream about him any time, and I’m going to stay right wide awake ’til he comes so I can ask him, myself, where his factory is that he makes his toys in. Mama said that it was up near where the Eskimos live, but me and Elsie read in the geography all about the Eskimos and how they live and it didn’t say anything about any factories or about Santa Claus, either. Then me and John, he’s my cousin, looked at every name in Papa’s ‘Who’s Who’ (and Mama says all big, well-known people in America have their names in that.) Anyway I mean to stay awake and ask him that. I wonder if he’ll bring me that pink sash and hair ribbon. Everytime I get new ribbons I beg mama to let me have pink, but she always buys blue. She says girls with red hair don’t wear pink ribbon, but if Santa Claus will only bring me some I’ll wear it all right. I hope he don’t forget to bring me a new doll ’cause Mary Jane is almost worn out, poor dear. I must send her away to a sanctimonium for a rest cure like the one mama went to last year. Wonder how long ’fore Santa is coming. I wonder if he’ll bring that sled to John and if he does I wonder what John’ll sled it on, ’cause it hasn’t ever snowed here and geogfry says you slide sleds on the snow. I wonder if Santa is as fat as he is in pictures; looks like his whiskers ’ld get all smutty coming down the chimney. I wonder—how he—gets to everybody’s—house on—the same—night—and I—wonder—if—if——.”

* * * * *

Oh, my goodness me! Why, mama, I just shut my eyes one minute. Now I never will know. Oh, isn’t she pretty, my beautiful new Mary Jane!”

R. R. B.



Gifts of Love

At Christmas time we think of what joys we can bring, what gifts we can give to show the love and kindness, given us by Christ. He came among men that brotherly love, christian fellowship and peace might come to all the world. This was his gift of love.

In as great a degree as is possible, for us, our presents at this Christmas should be given in this spirit of love. The custom of giving presents embodies the true expression of Christmas spirit, which is love. However, among some people it has degenerated into a system of exchange, more or less of a "swap." This destroys the spirit of the season. Instead of the free, whole hearted giving of remembrances among close friends, it becomes a thing as grinding and exacting as the paying of debts; and, indeed, it is placed upon much the same basis. To these people it is the gift, not the love that is counted. There are, however, places where the true Christmas spirit of giving remains undefiled.

This is mostly shown in the little country villages where "most everybody's kin to most everybody else;" and love is given in abundance. The little gifts are usually home-made, "labors of love," and into each has gone a beautiful thought and a kindly wish for the person who receives it. The "store bought" gifts may be very beautiful, but they lack that quality. The very spirit of Christmas seems infused into these little gifts of hand work, home made toys and beads; and he who is lucky enough to receive one of these gifts does not think of the gift itself,

THE PINE BRANCH

that is so surrounded by kind wishes and love that nothing material counts. To these people Christmas presents are not exacting exchanges; they do not go deeply into debt to buy them nor do they wear themselves out by work. It is a pleasure to them.

Can we not make our presents this year gifts of love and not simply exchanges?





ALUMNAE

J.B.

In the friendly spirit of the season I am sending my best wishes for your happiness at this time. May the charm of the Christmas season never fail to find its response within your hearts, and may the day ever retain its power to call forth fond memories.

Among the alumnae who visited the college during the Thanksgiving holidays were Miss Zella Raybon, of the class of '17, Miss Marion Groover of the class of '18, and Misses Bessie Proctor, Lois May and Minnie Ruth Brown of the class of '19.

Wedding bells are still ringing among our alumnae—Miss Aileen Parker and Mr. Roscoe Turner were married November 5th, 1919.

Miss Clarice Askew and Mr. Robert Hendricks were married in September, 1919.

Mrs. Mattie Peek Gautier announces the birth of a daughter, Elizabeth Gautier.

Mrs. Lottie Jarrell Stump announces the birth of a daughter, Gladys Wingfield Stump.

Mrs. Gertrude Jones Roberts announces the birth of a daughter, Gertrude Anita Roberts.

The Alumnae are kindly asked to send all news items of interest to the editor.

Clyde Purcell Alumnae Editor

Athletic Notes

Boost Basket Ball

Come on girls, the weather is fine! Play basketball! Have you signed up to play? Well, if you have not, just sit down and sign your name to a slip of paper and hand it in. We are going to "do things" in basketball. Everybody has the "pep", now, so come on and play. You will like it after you learn how, won't they, old girls? Don't you think it would be fun to play against the faculty (for I hear we have some star players among our teachers)? All right, come on out and practice. Would you like for your class to be the college champions? Of course you would. Join us and help your class to win the banner, for if you can't be on the team you can substitute or yell your throat dry (and you know that helps a great deal.) Make your class the champion! Somebody's going to do it! Come with your "pep" and let's have teamwork! Here's to BASKET BALL, the best girl's game!!

Seniors Ho! About seventy-five per cent of the Seniors are "out for track work". Take a dare from a little fellow? Well beat us!

Hep! hep! hep! Juniors into first place for the November athletic meet.

Fifteen rahs for the Sophs, who won second place in the November athletic meet.

All out for the "walking race"! Who wins?

Christmas is coming, Hurrah, Hurrah! Christmas is coming, Hurrah! But don't forget you must be able to win that banner when you come back, so don't overdo it.

LOCALS⁵⁰

WHAT ABOUT A HAT?

Hurrah! The FRESHMEN have found the hat! "Glory, Glory to the Freshmen; For they have found the hat.

What hat? Just this: In the "Will" of the class of '19 (vote of thanks to them) they left a gracious gift to all future college girls, Pres. Powell's "old gray hat". This, according to the "will" was hidden on the nineteenth of September by some of the class of '19 girls who are still on the campus. On the nineteenth of October it was searched for by Sophomores and Freshmen, but both were evidently "out of luck", and the hat remained unfound. On the nineteenth of November, next day on which to search, Sophomores and Freshmen turned out long before school hours and searched the building from end to end. At dinner it was found by Mary Breedlove. The class president, with the hat on her head, led the Freshmen in a snake dance all over the campus. For the rest of the day the whole school had a holiday, according to the last and best provision of the "will".

Now, altogether,

Fifteen rahs for the FRESHMEN!

"'POSSUM UP DE 'SIMMON TREE"

On Thanksgiving eve, immediately after supper, everybody donned their "hunting suits" in preparation for "de 'possum hunt." Weeds, stumps and ditches were obstacles easily overcome by the merry group which considered them only a part of the fun. The dogs treed the 'possums and the girls "grabbed 'em." Four in all. On returning from the hunt the party lingered a while around a huge bonfire in the pines where they told stories and jokes while they ate the camp supper, which tasted mighty good.

CHRISTMAS BENEFIT

A sewing party was conducted for the students and faculty on the night of the twenty-ninth of November by the Y. W. C. A. Big, cold, juicy apples were served to the busy people who had been divided into four groups and were working for the orphans. A very original circus, "the only one of its kind on earth", traveled from room to room, much to the amusement of all. After about two hours of very effective work the patrons were served with punch. When the party ended, every one was very much pleased in knowing that the result of their labor would make happy the hearts of many little orphan folks on Christmas morning.





And They Are Having English Methods

A Senior was having to answer question after question for the seventh grade. One child interceded for her: "Don't ask Miss _____ so many questions."

Senior: "Well ain't it the truth."

Astronomical Perspective

Jane: (in art) "Oh, Miss Carpenter, that certainly is a well drawn eclipse!"

Well, It Must Live in Australia

Miss Robertson: (in cooking class) "Miss Van Brackle, what is vermicelli?"

Birdie: (very bewildered) "Why, its an animal of some kind."

Just Seniors

First Senior: "What are you going to teach?"

Second Senior: "Dicken's Christmas Carol."

First Senior: "But you can't sing."

Now Which Was It?

Brilliant Junior: "Say, Ruth, did Columbus come over on the Merrimac or on the May-pop?"

Chief Characteristics of Advanced Chemistry Class

Ruth Harrell: "Wire (why-uh) Miss Craig!"

Kennie Lassiter: "Well, Snell says—"

Lois O'Quinn: "I know, Miss Craig, but I can't pronounce it."

Edna Sasser: "I don't know, Miss Craig, but my book said—"

Ruth Brown: "Huh! What'd she say?"
Dorothy Race: Frequent unlawful use of pencil.
As a class: Vain endeavors to get Miss Craig off the track.

An Apt History Pupil

Lavinia: "Josephine was Napoleon's wife, wasn't she?"

Sally Kate: "Oh no, she was Bonaparte's."

A Good Reason

Miss Craig: "Miss Ivy, what causes our shoe strings to break while lacing our shoes?"

Henrilou: "I wear button shoes, Miss Craig."

Wanted—A Medicinal Add

Rannie: (in Serro's Ice Cream Parlor) "Wait just a minute, girls, I have a subscription to have filled."

Going Up

Lina Flint: (in chemistry, to girl trying to wash acid from her hand) "Watch out there, you'll cause an explosion!"

Feminine Logic

Miss Craig: "Miss McLendon, if a street car should jump off the track, which side would it land on?"

Ermine: "Why it would land on the side it jumped on, I suppose."

Ye Shades of Chemistry

Chemistry Exam: "Name several uses of ammonia."

Hallie Jordan: "(1.) Restorative after fainting. (2) Poisonous gas."

And What of the Students?

Mrs. Harris: (in French class) "Write out the first three pupils—,oh, I mean persons, of this verb."

Hooverizing

Mary Ethel: "Lavinia, why don't you patch your shirt waist?"

Lavinia: "I thought I'd save the patch."

Modern? We'll Say It Is

Mr. Bradley: (explaining feudal terms) "When a vassal did an especially fine deed for his lord, he was sometimes knighted, and given a coat of arms, as a sort of brand of his nobility."

Myrtis: "Why, that just like we brand cows isn't it?"

Acts of Dead Men

Stella: (looking over the caste of a motion picture play) 'Actor, Thomas Jefferson. Why I thought he was dead."

What Is Color?

Miss Pratz: (in hygiene class) "Miss Crum, why is a nice, warm bath more beneficial at night?"

Mary: "Why? Because one is blacker then."

Sympathy

Augusta: (in picture show watching girl ushering) "Well, I wish that girl could find a seat."

A Twentieth Century Child

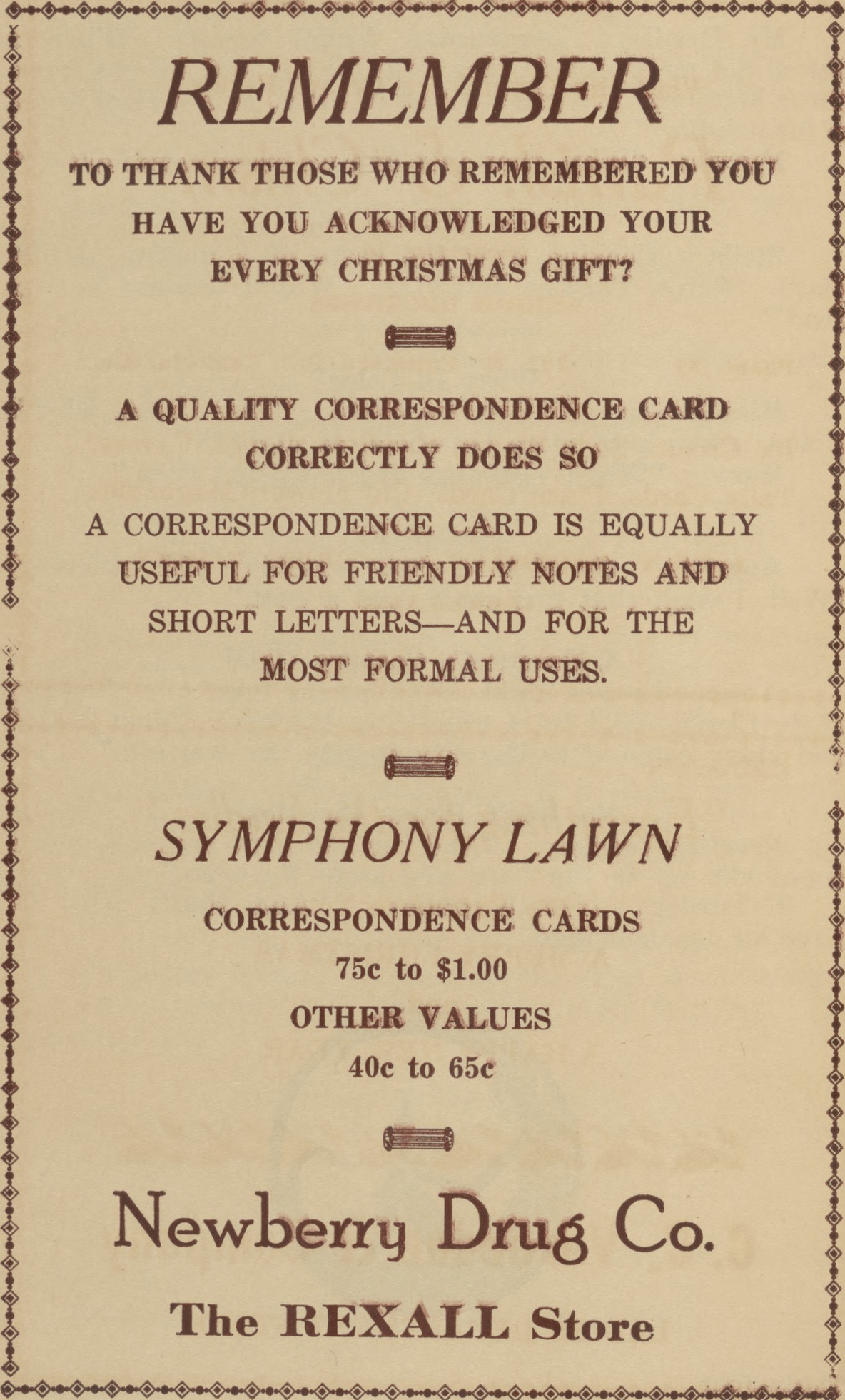
A second grade child, after having been told the story of the Christ child by a practicing teacher: "And Joseph and Mary came up to the city to pay the war tax."

So Don't Blame the Hens

Practice Teacher: "And the bad little squirrels sometimes slip up to the barn and steal the eggs."

C. Turner: (fourth grade) "And that's why we have an egg shortage."





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—H. A.

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Mabel Normand in “The Jinx;” Mary Miles Minter in “Anne of Green Gables;” Norma an dNatalie Talmadge in “The Isle of Conquest;” Harold Bell Wright's “The Shepherd of the Hills;” Anita Stewart in “In Old Kentucky;” Douglas Fairbanks in “When the Clouds Roll By;” Corrine Griffiths in “TThe Climbers.”

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