

Special Christmas Feature Edition



"To the folks at home we want to show off our Christmas tree. It stands in the Amadon Room at Middlebrook Hall and is a pine which was cut from around the wreckage of Old Main!"

Judean Virgin Gives Birth To Babe Hailed As Messiah

German Class Presents Christmas Program Friday

Friday, December 14 at Chapel time the first year German class presented a Christmas program in German to the student-body. The program was an original script written by the class under the sponsorship of Professor Wakelin. The order of procedure was as follows:

- Ein kleines Lustspiel mit Weihnachtsliedern—
Die Lieder
O Tannenbaum
Morgen, Kinder, wird's was geben—
Dick Pickrel
- O du frohliche
Solo by Bill Ellison
- O hehre Nacht—
Irene Meierhenry
- Stille Nacht, heilige Nacht
die Zeit—
die Scene—
die Studentenvereinstube

In the concluding part of their program the student body participated in singing, "Oh Come All Ye Faithful," "O Little Town of Bethlehem," and "Hark the Herald Angels Sing."

Emperor's Taxation Occasions Visit Of Nazareth Couple to Bethlehem

Rome, 4 B. C.—Through information obtained from Bethlehem comes the report of a miraculous birth of a child whose mother, Mary, is a virgin of Nazareth who came with her espoused husband Joseph to the city to be taxed.

This story has several versions, but here is the story as received from Judean sources:

"Now the birth of Jesus Christ took place in this way. When his mother Mary had been betrothed to Joseph, before they came together she was found to be with child of the Holy Spirit; and her husband Joseph, being a just man and unwilling to put her to shame, resolved to divorce her quietly.

But as he considered this, behold, an angel of the Lord appeared to him in a dream, saying, "Joseph, son of David, do not fear to take Mary your wife, for that which is conceived in her is of the Holy Spirit; she will bear a son, and you shall call his name Jesus, for He will save His people from their sins." All this took place to fulfill what the Lord had spoken by the prophet:

"Behold, a virgin shall conceive and bear a son, and His name shall be called Emmanuel" (which means, God with us). When Joseph woke from sleep, he did as the angel of the Lord commanded him; he took his wife, but knew her not until she had borne a son; and he called His name Jesus.

Eastern Notables Arrive

Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea in the days of Herod the king, behold, wise men from the East came to Jerusalem, saying, "Where is He who has been born king of the Jews? For we have seen His star in the East and have come to worship Him." When Herod the king heard this, he was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him; and assembling all the chief priests and scribes of the people, he inquired of them where the Christ was to be born. They told him, "In Bethlehem of Judea; for so it is written by the prophet:

"And thou Bethlehem, in the land of Judea, art by no means least among the rulers of Judah; who will govern my people Israel."

Then Herod summoned the wise men secretly and ascertained from them what time the star appeared; and he sent them to Bethlehem, saying, "Go and search diligently for the child, and when you have found Him bring me word, that I too may come and worship Him." When they had heard the king they went their way; and lo, the star which they had seen in the East went before them, till it came to rest over the place where the child was. When they saw the star, they rejoiced exceedingly with great joy; and going into the house they saw the Child with Mary His mother, and they fell down and worshipped Him. Then, opening their treasures, they offered Him gifts, gold and frankincense and myrrh. And being warned in a dream not to return to Herod, they departed to their own country by another way.

Now when they had departed, behold, an angel of the Lord appeared to Joseph in a dream and said, "Rise, take the Child and His mother and flee to Egypt, and remain there till I tell you; for Herod is about to search for the Child, to destroy Him." And he rose and took the Child and His mother by night, and departed to Egypt.

District YM-YW Conference Sends Delegates to Hastings

The fall conference of the District Y. M. - Y. W. C. A. was held at Hastings College Nov. 30-Dec. 2, 1951. The following colleges sent delegates: Hastings, Kearney, Peru, Wayne, Doane, Nebr. Wesleyan, University of Nebr. Ag College, University of Nebr. City Campus, and York. Delegates from York were Kenneth Wilson—Y. M. C. A., Phyllis Harnden—Y. W. C. A., and Irene Meierhenry—Life Work Recruits.

The main speaker of the Conference was Rev. Dick Gary from the University of Nebr. The Rev. Mr. Gary is a graduate of Phillips University, Enid, Okla., and also of Yale Divinity School.

The Conference got under way with registration on the afternoon of Nov. 30, which was followed by an address of welcome by the president of Hastings College. After this Rev. Gary gave an address to the group, on "Freedom and the Individual." In this address Rev. Gary said "We can liken our Freedom to a vegetable. Just as a vegetable must have the right climate, right kind of soil, and the required amount of cultivation so must our Freedom have the right environment, surroundings, be rooted in the right places, and have the necessary amount of cultivation for a successful growth."

The following day was made up of worship, addresses, small discussion groups, and separate meetings of the Y. M. - Y. W. In these small discussion groups such topics as Christian Youth and War, Education, Government, Free Enterprise, Social Pressure, God's Will, and their connection to Freedom were discussed. Dr. Savery, York, led a discussion group on Freedom and God's Will. This same afternoon a joint meeting was held to take up the business of the Conference.

In this conference the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: District Y. M. Co-Chairman—Victor Dye—Nebraska Wesleyan; District Y. W. Co-Chairman—Donna Seppala, Doane; Council Member—Y. M., Dave Cargo, University of Nebraska; Council Member—Y. W., Janice Randall, Kearney; Dis-

Dorm Girls Present Mirror at Party

"It is better to give than to receive," seems to be the New Year's motto of the girls in Middlebrook Hall, for this Christmas at their annual dorm party, December 19th, they presented the college with a mirror to be placed in the hall between second and third floors of Middlebrook. The money donated was that which would have ordinarily been used for exchange presents.

Popcorn and apples were eagerly devoured. Francis Amon, sophomore, Livingston, Montana headed the refreshment committee assisted by Hope Clark, freshman, Dumont, Iowa. In charge of games was Mary Lue Warner. She was assisted by Justina Peters, senior, Henderson, and Jean Morton, sophomore, Russell, Kansas.

District Non-Student Advisor, Mrs Irene Bachman, York. A date for the planning committee to meet and also for the next District Conference were set in this joint meeting. The date set for the planning committee was Saturday, Feb. 2, 1952, and the next District Conference was set for April 4, 5, 6, both to be held at Nebraska Wesleyan in Lincoln. Kenneth Wilson, junior, Thayer, Kansas, led a Bible discussion group Sunday morning.

Carolers Visit Invalids, Hospital

As an annual part of their program, the Life Work Recruits and the Youth Fellowship went caroling on December 17.

Myron Fessler, Jr., Clarinda, Iowa, and Violet Meidinger, junior, Fallon, Montana, were general chairmen for the project.

The two groups together visited a list of invalids and others of the church people of the college church. In addition they caroled at the York General hospital and the I. O. O. F. Home.

After caroling, the group met in the Middlebrook dining hall for a chili feed.

To Keep?

"What gift bring I the Holy Child,
Of heaven and earth the Son?
"The Christ needs naught of mine," he thinks,
Yet fears the thought begun.
A rough shepherd lad is Jonathan.
The flock his but to keep.
And fain will he to Bethlehem
Where a new king lies asleep.

But a new-born king a gift requires,
Gold, frankincense, and myrrh.
"Not one of these have I; not one—
Gold, frankincense, and myrrh."
Perhaps, like any other king,
The new-born king needs men,
Brave men, to follow where he leads."
The lad takes heart again.

Inside the manger stall he stands;
A lad, by pomp unawed.
With empty hands, but with love, he brings
Gifts to the Son of God.
Now hear him as he gently speaks
To Mary, Mother mild,
Of what so gladly he has brought
To Jesus, Holy Child.

"In trust I keep my brother's flock;
No lamb is mine alone.
My life I give, 'tis all I have."
The gracious act is done.
Kind, thoughtful lad, art thou like us
Who bravely promise well?
And follow—in the garden, far?
Our dreams for silver sell?

The gift is thine, O Lord; 'Tis giv'n.
And is forever thine.
No longer is it Jonathan's,
Nor is it longer mine.
Whenever we in Thee abide, then thou
Nor we shall live in vain.
Then use the life that I have brought
I ask it not again.

L. H.

THE SANDBURR

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Member

Associated Collegiate Press Sandburr Staff

Carol Denton	Editor-in-Chief
Alta Aldrich	News Editor
Rosemary Jordan	Feature Editor
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J. C. Morgan	Alumni Historian
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Typists: Alta Aldrich, Betty Creech.

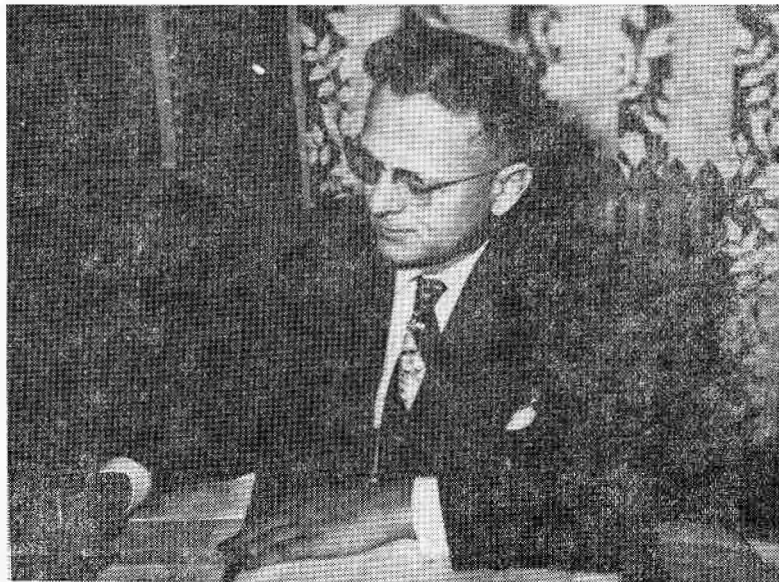
Photographers: Walter Price, Mic Steen.

REPORTERS AND CONTRIBUTORS:

Charles Chipman, Betty Anderson, Laura Taylor, Alta Aldrich, Betty Creech, Betty Bradberry, Rosemary Jordan, Nyla Epp, Naomi White, Bob Herrick, Bill Wortman, Keith Megill, Prof. J. C. Morgan, Kenneth Wilson, Paul Edie, Jack Atkinson, Dianne Blauch, Mary Ann Schneider, Pat Taylor.

FACULTRAITS...

Dean A. H. Bergen



A Short Story...

THE NAMELESS ONE

By Bill Wortman

No, my name isn't recorded in history but I am known the world over. You see, I owned the inn in Bethlehem. I am very old now but I remember it as though it happened yesterday.

Times were very black and uncertain. No one trusted his neighbor and in a business of renting lodgings one had to be very careful. Especially when the town was crowded. The King always seemed fearful of our town which seemed very strange then but now I understand.

It was in the afternoon that a young man and woman came and inquired of lodging. I knew immediately they were from out of town. I nearly turned them away, but because of the condition of the woman I sent them to my stable. I was afraid of the soldiers, who were everywhere, but I couldn't just turn them out. There never is room in a person's heart for much if it is filled with fear.

Late that night I woke to find a strange light covering my buildings but centered on my stable. Then I heard voices. I stole to the window and saw a group of men in common dress standing by my door. They would not go away even when I said the place was full. They wished to see my stable. I think anyone would, had he been awake, for the light was quite bright. We started to go around the house when the biggest camels I ever expect to see.

Their riders were of royal dress but seemed very kindly. They had been following a star and it was here that it had stopped. Only then did I realize where the light was coming from.

Call it shock, fear, or whatever you will, but this was too much for me. The next thing I remember I was lying by my stable door and the sight before me made me gaze in wonder. These men

"I believe in practical education; that any student with an optimistic and realistic attitude can succeed and will find life enjoyable and interesting." This is the philosophy of our Dean of Men, A. H. Bergen.

This congenial professor of sociology, West Europe and English history loves to hunt, farm and ranch. In fact, he seems to enjoy life very much, no matter what he is doing, and most of the time he is very busy "doing."

Mr. Bergen received his first degree, an A. B. at Bethel College, his B. S. at the University of Wichita, and his M. A. at Colorado State College of Education at Greeley. He has done work at the University of Colorado toward his doctor's degree.

First as a coach at Manassa, Colorado for two years, he spent his last four years there as superintendent.

Among his many honors he has been County Tri-Council Chairman of the government education, recreation, and building projects in the San Luis Valley, Colorado.

Another favorite philosophy is "Everyone should take time every day to just sit and think . . . and then come to just sit." One wonders when he does!

were on their knees before a manger and were worshipping what was in it.

Many years have passed now and it is easier to understand the things that took place then. The small babe that came to the world that night was the long waited Messiah. The whole town could have seen him, if they had been awake. His own special followers deserted him later because of fear. Today this has become more than a story or even a legend. It is the foundation of man's belief in God. Not all wise men believe in it and not all common men accept it. But, my son, to those who do a real and true peace at Christmas time is given.

Any time you think a college freshman is a dumbbell, we suggest you try a college entrance examination.

Christmas 1951

1st, Short Story

By Justina Peters

Last night I lived two thousand years.

I was a homely maid working in an inn at Bethlehem. It was a busy time at the inn for, from all Judea people came to be taxed. I was weary from the long day's work, yet as Brother Isaac passed by he told me of many tasks that still needed to be done. My weariness made me unpleasant and rude. With bitterness in my heart I advanced toward my master. Then I saw the weariness of the travelers to whom my master spoke. I forgot my own discomforts. Within me I felt a pang, for I realized that since earlier in the afternoon the inn had been crowded. What was I to do? I was but the maid.

Later it was noised that in my master's stable had been born a babe that very night. I knew immediately that this child had been born of the sickly mother whose face had haunted me in my slumber. I wished then that I had been a little more concerned about these who so much needed the shelter and protection of the inn. But I had already worked twelve hours. Could I be to blame? Was I to suggest to my master that he turn someone else away that these might find shelter?

Years passed. I had almost forgotten my experiences at the inn. I went to the hillside one afternoon to hear this great man speak. He had won renown to some extent in our village. This was the very man who as a babe had been cradled in my master's stable. On this occasion He asked for food to feed the multitude. I had a lunch with me, enough for Brother Isaac and myself. I knew that would not suffice. As I thought about it, more and more I felt that I should present the little I had to Him. But it was so little, just enough for Isaac and me. Later as I witnessed what He did with the five loaves and two fishes given by a little boy, I regretted my selfishness; but how was I to know?

Our village became the scene of His trial. It was so long and involved that I thought it would never end. I would not have missed it for all the world. Once I thought He looked at me. I felt a sudden desire to smile at Him, just to let Him know that not everyone was against Him. Then the whole mob broke out in a loud "Crucify Him! Crucify Him!" I didn't smile but somehow, now I wish I had!

I also saw Him in agony upon the cross. The tumult was so great I could not hear what it was He said. Isaac said He asked for drink. Naturally I reached for the pitcher of water I had brought with me. But there were crowds around me. I could not get to Him if I tried.

Finally they buried Him in Joseph's tomb. Several times I thought we should anoint His body. Joseph's tomb was so near our vineyard, but Isaac was very busy, and I possessed a fear of the dead body.

After three days He was reported to have risen from the dead. I had heard it said that He went about searching out the hearts of men and women who would serve Him. Last night I met Him, I met Him and experienced the birth of the Christ Child in my own heart. I cannot tell how it happened. There was such a tumult about me that I could not even hear what He said. All I knew was that He wanted me, and this time I resolved to live for Him who died for me, and rose again.

Do you think this was strange? Oh, but it was not. You see, last night I lived two thousand years, Christmas 4 B. C. to Christmas 1951 A. D.

Years Ago

Years ago in old Judea
Dwelt a man with iron faith,
And this man, our blessed
Savior
Went alone and conquered
death.
He for us drew one great pattern,
Lived a life beyond compare;
Told us we could ever reach
Him
By the use of a whispered
prayer.

Bill Wortman.

No government ever cuts off an expense that is capable of voting.

We think the fellow ought to go to the foot of the class who said, "A dog's lungs are the seat of his pants."

Christ Is Born

3rd, Poetry

By Naomi White

Hallelujah! Christ is born,
Angels sang that glorious morn.
Peace on Earth! Good will to men.
All our sins redeemed in Him.

Quietly He came to dwell,
And to us His story tell
Of that good home so far above
Where all is peace and joy and
love.

Peace on Earth! the angels sang,
Far and wide the tidings rang.
Though the years have come and
gone
This one theme has lingered on.

Solemnly today we sing,
Christmas bells so sweetly ring.
Hark! We hear the followers bring
Praise to Christ, Our Risen King.

Hurry - Hurry - Hurry

Hurry—Hurry—Hurry—My lessons are calling—you are going to be late if you don't hurry—the last bell just rang—ten seconds and the breakfast hour is over—three meetings tonight and all at the same time.

Yes, college life—in fact, the American life—is just one great big hurry. The turkey hasn't stopped kicking when the first signs of Christmas start appearing here and there. Then before the yuletide season is half way over, New Year's plans are made. And before they are carried out February's holiday preparations are all completed. Spring dresses decorate the store windows about the same time that winter's first snow falls gently upon the grey side walks. In every phase of life, including religion, we never stop but hurry on our busy way.

This hustle and bustle isn't common to our age. All we have is faster transportation than they did two or three thousand years ago. Horses then were the faster conveyance, but still the people were living hurry-scurry lives.

The inn keepers were out then for the richest roomers—the market places had men who were scheming for the highest prices and so on through town and city. The government just as to day wanted to get its hands on as much of the people's money as possible. It was one mad rush when it came time to be counted. But during the busiest part of the year a certain baby decided to make his appearance into this souped-up world.

Whether it was because of, or in spite of this condition, this certain child became a symbol of patience and tranquility. His life has inspired millions, one of whom wrote a hymn that is familiar to most all churches. The title carries the meaning of the entire song, "Take Time to be Holy."

The popularity lies in the belief of the idea but not in the carrying out of the theme. This indicates a lot of good intentions and on the surface seems a good thing. But remember the old saying goes, "The way to hell is paved with good intentions."

If you have taken this much time to read all that has gone before and there are only ten persons yacking at you to do fifteen different things, then by all means read the following words of the song mentioned previously. **Then Take Heed! ! !**

Take time to be holy
The world rushes on;
Spend much time in secret
With Jesus alone,
By looking to Jesus

Mother and Child

By Rosemary Jordan

Oh, Jesus, were't you a lonely child
As you played in Beth'lem town?
And often tired with the sin of the world
Bearing your shoulders down?
For a son of man and a son of God
Must surely have walked alone,
And often pondered the holy plan
That alone to His heart was known.

Oh, Mary, didn't you lie awake
On those crystalline nights of old,
And pray for the man-child you had born,
And shiver, but not with cold?
And wonder with tear-filled, fear-filled eyes
If his future would be His doom,
And wish, with all of Your mother heart,
He were safe still in your womb?

Oh, Jesus, are You lonely yet
As You gaze at the world today—
So few that care, or lift, or serve
So many strayed from the way.
And, Mary, do you lie awake
And fear for your Holy Son
And grieve to see Him sad tears fall
At the sight of work yet undone?

Oh, Christ-child, help us to see anew
The need of a love-starved world
for Thee,
And serve with fresh new-minted zeal—
Guidance, plus caring, is the key.
And may our caring win a smile,
A glad smile, bringing glad release,
A smile revealed for the world of man
As the pure, white, shining Star of Peace!

Christmas

By Helen May

C stands for many things
At this time of year,
Christ child, candles, candy,
All things, that bring cheer.

H is for the holly
Used to decorate the doors,
And for happiness we all enjoy
As the fireplace roars.

R represents the ribbon
That ties packages and bows,
Red is the favorite color
And shines like Rudolph's nose.

I is for the icicles
That decorate the tree,
They send forth a ray of light
As they hang so shinningly.

S stands for Santa Claus,
He comes but once a year,
He travels in his sleigh you know,
Pulled by eight reindeer.

T is for the Christmas tree
That stands so straight and tall
With its balls and twinkling lights
Bringing hope to all.

M is for the manger
Where the little Baby lay
Nestled down within the straw
That first glad Christmas Day.

A stands for the Angels,
They carried words of cheer
That have spread throughout the world
To men far and near.

S is for the shepherds,
And for the star that shined.
For the Baby that was born,
The Saviour of mankind.

Like Him Thou shalt be;
Thy friends, in thy conduct
His likeness shall see.

A Child Of Love

2nd, Short Story

By Bob Herrick

I must tell you something. If you'll be patient, I'd like to start at the beginning. It won't take long.

One Christmas evening, I dropped in for a surprise visit with Tom and Dorothy. Tom and Dorothy are an elderly couple who are very special friends of mine. They have been childless and have no near relatives; therefore, they have lived a lonely life together. They are happy, though, and there are many like myself that hold them as closest of friends. I guess you could say they have many friends and are yet lonely. You might as well say it because that's the way they are.

Tom and Dorothy are the only persons I know that I would call Christian. I always had a contempt for religions until I met them. When I think of them and their kindness and love to any and all they meet, I feel ashamed of myself.

Well, as I said, this was to be a surprise visit; for though I had kept in contact with them, I hadn't seen them in years. Tom came to the door.

"Rex" and his eyes smiled into mine a glow that warmed my whole self. "Come in! Come in! What are you doing here? Are we glad to see you! We thought you were in Texas selling insurance!"

"That was in September. You know me, always moving." I grinned back at him. "Where's Dorothy?"

"Hello Rex, we are glad to see you," she said quietly from the living room.

I turned and then stopped—with my greeting (an old private joke) already forgotten before it was uttered. I had turned to look directly into the eyes of the child.

He was seated on the piano bench by Dorothy, his hands still on the keyboard where hers had been guiding them. But his face was turned toward me and he was looking at me with his large, non-reflecting eyes. We looked at each other, his eyes commanding mine. I was still in a state of surprised shock when he looked up at Dorothy and said without facial expression, "I must leave now. You understand?"

Dorothy came to life, "Yes, dear, I'll get your coat."

She and Tom went with the child to the door. I began to come out of it and looked at the child more comprehensively. He was at that age of childhood where the age is hard to determine. Seven? Ten? I don't know. The most striking feature was the eyes set deep in a thin, shallow, sorrowful face.

The child looked at me again just before the three of them left my sight into the hall. His eyes were old. There seemed to be behind them, all the things war refugees have seen. And added to the terrors and soul-sicknesses of war, there was the grief of the bereaved and the hopelessness of the incurably ill. But most noticeable was the same loneliness I had seen many times in the eyes of Tom and Dorothy. Looking into the eyes of the child, I thought, "He needs love. He could use mine, too." Then quickly, "... but I don't even know the child."

Tom and Dorothy came silently into the room. By this time I had recovered my speech, but I was still very mysteriously shaken by the experience.

"Friend of yours?" I asked, and immediately felt foolish. Obvious questions are asked to start conversation, but we three are the kind of friends that shouldn't have to start conversation in such a way.

"Yes," Tom lifted his frosty-grey head, "very much a friend of ours."

Such an answer which said so much with out telling me anything made me curious.

"... uh, live around here?"

Dorothy looked at Tom as she answered, "We don't know."

Tom heaved a sigh and looked at Dorothy, "We had better tell him."

"Yes."

He turned to me, "You probably won't believe it, and at best you'll wonder."

"Go ahead," I replied, wondering already at their strange attitude.

"You will have to realize we only know what the child has told us," he began "Perhaps you could see he is older than his body; he is more than just an ordinary child."

"Yes, that was easy to see."

"From what he says we figured he must have been born in Wyoming," Tom continued. "He speaks of being born in a desert, but a desert that was fertile enough to have foliage sufficient for sheep and he has mentioned mountains. But perhaps it's not Wyoming for he told today of having friends who fished."

"His father was some sort of contractor who built just frame houses, and barns—no real big contracts. His father is dead now."

"But," I intervened, "hasn't he any people at all? Couldn't you find out from them? Was he just wandering around? How did you find him?"

Dorothy broke in, "We didn't find him, he found us. One Christmas morning I heard a knock on the door and there he was—ragged, cold, and his eyes just begging me to love him."

"He came in," added Tom, "and let us give him some clothes. He let us feed him and love him the whole day but at the end of the day he left."

"He left?"

"He just wouldn't stay."

"But he came back this year?" I queried

"Yes," answered Dorothy, "every year he comes back. It's come to the place we depend upon his coming."

"It's a funny thing, but I think we get more love from our child than he gets from us, for all our trying," Tom explained. "We call him our child, our 'Christmas child, because we don't know his name."

I was overwhelmed. "Wait-a-minute! Let's go back—Dorothy, you said every year he has come back..."

They hesitated. Finally, Tom spoke. "Yes, Rex, for eight years, he has come every Christmas. He looks the same now as he did the first morning."

Christmas Contest Results

Winners in the respective classes were: Short Story, 1st place, Justina Peters, senior, Henderson, for **Christmas 1951**; 2nd place goes to Robert Herrick, junior, Concordia, Kansas for his story, **A Child of Love**. In poetry it ran like this: 1st, **Snowflakes**, by Rosemary Jordan, sophomore Beloit, Kansas; 2nd, **Come Ye Weary**, by William Wortman, sophomore, Woodland, Washington; 3rd, **Christ Is Born**, Naomi White, sophomore, Wichita, Kansas. In essay, Naomi White entered her essay **Christmas Ornaments** for 1st place, and Helen May, sophomore, Kearney, received 2nd place for **What Is Christmas?**

Judges were Miss Zelda Wakelin, Miss Millicent Savery, and Mr. Lee Huebert.

Snowflakes

1st, Poetry

By Rosemary Jordan

Watch the gentle snowflakes covering all
With an airy, fairy, white shawl,
Covering all the bleak and weary,
Hiding all that's dark and dreary,
Watch them fall!

Pure, white thoughts of angels, (that it seems)
Heaven's waiting down her tenderest dreams,
Snowflakes fall on rich and poor,
Grace the humblest beggar's door—
Food for themes.

Once a babe was born on such a night,
Heaven lighted earth for that great sight,
Thus, remembering long ago,
Angel thoughts fall down as snow,
Stars shine bright.

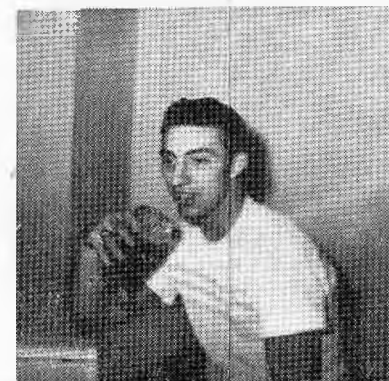
Christmas Ornaments

1st Essay

By Naomi White

Yes! Christmas is coming. I bought the tree today. Guess I'd better get the decorations and start making things look in season... They're in the utility closet up stairs so I might as well begin right now... Here's a box of icicles, the ornaments and several strings of lights. There had surely ought to be enough to make things look like Christmas. There's the big box with the bells and wreaths and that red one has the figures for the manger scene in it. If I can get things started tonight plans should take shape pretty fast by working in odd moments... Let's see! Did I get everything? Icicles, ornaments, lights, the box of wreaths and the figurines... Oh, there's that box marked "Miscellaneous Christmas!" Better take it too, I suppose.

SENIORITIES



Robert Miller

Sleep is the favorite pastime of Bob "Prospect" Miller, who hails from Cheyenne, Wyoming. He is majoring in European history and plans to attend the W. S. E. R. seminary at Jennings Lodge, Oregon. His campus activities include Y. M. C. A., L. W. R., of which he is Student Council Representative, O. B. N., in which he holds the vice-presidency, and Y-Club. Prospect has displayed his athletic ability in football and track. He sings bass in the Recruits quartet and also in Mrs. Boone's choir.

Gee! This is fun. I can't seem to get things to look just right though. Some of these trimmings are about worn out. That poor angel has lost most of her brightness and those bells don't seem to shine just like they should. This year will be the last for them... Oh! There's that other box. I guess I'd better open it although I don't think we need any more decorations. I might find something useful though... This box was certainly tied and wrapped carefully... Maybe these are the Christmas candles that were left.

How strange! The first package says "Good Will." Just an empty box marked "Good Will" and the second reads "Peace on Earth!" Here's "Joy," "Glad Tidings," "Fear Not" and "Glory to God!" How bright they all seem! And how new! Their light makes the whole room glow. These are the oldest adornments of all yet they never are wrinkled or frayed. How much like that first Christmas they make things. I wonder? ... Would they stay as bright all year if they weren't packed away? Christmas all year round sounds wonderful to me! I think I'll try it!

Come Ye Weary, Follow Me

2nd, Poetry

By William Wortman

'Twas clear and cold in Judea
And the night was dark and long.
When to shepherds on a mountain
Came God's Angels with this
song:
"Unto you is born a Savior."
May these tidings never cease,
"Praise to God upon the highest
And to all the earth be peace."

Over hill there came three wise
men
Bearing gifts from lands afar.
They had naught to guide them
onward,
Save God's wondrous, guiding
star.
In the town were many people
Filled with cares and bodies worn.

Had no room for mankind's
Savior
And in a manger Christ was born.

Here was born the King of Glory,
Christ our Savior, Lord of Love,
Who for man descended earth-
ward

Made for Him a home above.
Man today stands at the cross
roads.

Peace or war. Which shall it be?
Hark! His voice to us is calling,
Come ye weary, follow me.
Choose ye, who will be your
master.

Do it now, make no delay.
Peace on earth, good will to man,
Comes from Christ who shows the
Way.

What Is Christmas?

2nd Essay

By Helen May

If you were asked to name the first thing you think of when you hear the word Christmas, what would your answer be? Every year it is the same; it comes and it goes. A special day? Yes, but only one of three hundred sixty-five. Really, what is Christmas? What does Christmas mean to you?

To the teacher Christmas means a busy month of December. Plans for programs, parties, gifts, and decorations must be made. Schedules that are already full must be crowded with practices for programs, and time must be found in which to make costumes. Few teachers actually dread Christmas, but many are relieved when that chaotic time has passed and they can return again to the quiet routine of a normal classroom.

Christmas, to the student, means vacation, a week or two with no assignments, no papers to write, and no teachers asking hard-to-answer questions. It is a time when the student can relax... time when he can get all the sleep he needs. To the student away from home, Christmas usually means going home. That student watches the calendar for weeks, anxiously counting the days, eagerly awaiting the day vacation starts, and he can begin that anticipated journey home.

What does Christmas mean to the businessman? It means big business, busy days, the hiring of more clerks, an increased amount of selling, and staying open nights to meet the demand of the Christmas shoppers.

Christmas, to the family, is a time for big dinners and family reunions. Time is spent in addressing cards and putting up the tree. Mother is busy with extra baking and cooking; plans for the time when all the relatives will be there are in the making. There is an air of secrecy about the house, and whispered plans come from various corners. Children are spilling over with excitement; uppermost in their minds are the programs at the church and school. Bright lights and gay decorations attract their attention; and there is Santa Claus. For weeks they have tried to be extra good, anxiously hoping Santa Claus received their letters and will bring what they desire. But to many children Christmas means only the visit of Santa, new toys, and gifts.

What will this Christmas be to our brothers, uncles, and friends in Korea? It will probably bring a bit of sadness and loneliness, a time when their thoughts are especially turned toward home. Other Christmases... Christmases at home... will be remembered and relived. They will be thinking of their loved ones gathered around the table spread with a tempting feast; they will think of the parties, and the programs, and the cheery atmosphere, they have known in previous years. It will be a day very similar to all the other days; it may be spent in a muddy foxhole surrounded with the roar of guns or in a cold tent with the fear of attack hovering near. This Christmas to our soldiers will not mean "Peace on earth."

What is Christmas to the Christian? This season means a time of rejoicing and praise as Christians commemorate the birth of Christ. It is a time of singing carols to the King; a period of worship to the Saviour of the world. It is a time of sharing love and good will as gifts are given to friends. The Christian, also, catches a new vision as he realizes the need of more of Christ's light in the world.

What meaning does Christmas have for you? Will this Christmas have a meaning that will live throughout the year? May you realize the very truths of Christmas and may this be a Christmas when all mankind really mean it when they join the angels in proclaiming, "Peace on earth, good will toward men."

INTRAMURAL GAMES

MONDAYS 8:15 P. M.

Jan. 7 Paine vs. Hulitt	Feb. 4 Diehl vs. Kroyville
Jan. 14 Diehl vs. Kroyville	Feb. 11 Paine vs. Prospect
Jan. 21 Paine vs. Prospect	Feb. 18 Diehl vs. Prospect
Jan. 28 Prospect vs. Diehl	Feb. 25 Kroyville vs. Paine

THURSDAYS

7:00 P. M.

8:15 P. M.

Dec. 20 Prospect vs. Kroyville	Paine vs. Diehl
Jan. 10 Diehl vs. Prospect	Thompson vs. Kroyville
Jan. 17 Thompson vs. Paine	Hulitt vs. Prospect
Jan. 24 Kroyville vs. Hulitt	Thompson vs. Diehl
Jan. 31 Paine vs. Hulitt	Kroyville vs. Thompson
Feb. 7 Paine vs. Thompson	Hulitt vs. Prospect
Feb. 14 Hulitt vs. Kroyville	Thompson vs. Diehl
Feb. 21 Thompson vs. Hulitt	Paine vs. Kroyville
Feb. 28 Diehl vs. Hulitt	Thompson vs. Prospect

Panthers Cuff Midland Warriors For First Win On Maples 66-58

HIT FOR 26 OF 33 GIFT TOSSES TO DROP NCC CLUB

Free throws spelled the difference for the second straight game. The Panthers' ability to hit their free throws gave them their first victory of the season, a 66-58 win over the Midland Warriors of the N.C.C. The Panthers led throughout the game with the exception of the first few minutes. York led 18-8 at the first quarter. Ten out of fourteen charity tosses permitted the Panthers to have a 10 point lead at that point. With three and a half minutes left in the first half the Panthers led 29-15.

Midland rallied and pulled up within 30-28 at the end of the first half. Jack Kiser hit three field goals at the start of the second half making the score 37-32. The Warriors rallied once more tying the score at 37 all. After that the York team held the lead. Two quick baskets by Lito Martinez put the final touch to the game.

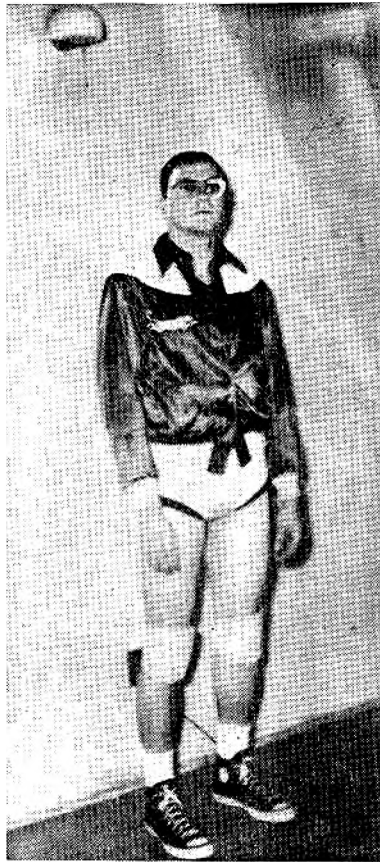
The Panthers led 48-44 at the end of the third period. Beaver and Gardner led the final quarter with the Panthers scoring 66 to their opponents 58.

Frank Wooters made 8 out of 10 free throws and 3 field goals to lead the scoring with 14 points. Jack Kiser was a close second with 13 points. Beaver, Gardner and Glahn each had 10 points. Jim Beaver played an aggressive game on the backboards recovering many of the rebounds.

The "B" squad lost a close game to Midland's "B" team 66-62. York led the most of the way. Ruben Lopez was high point man with 19 points.

Box score for York:

	F. G.	F. T.	F.	T.	Pts.
Wooters	3	8-10	3	14	
Woolery	0	4-5	3	4	
Martinez	3	0-1	4	6	
Kiser	6	1-1	4	13	
B. Ellison	0	0-0	0	0	
Glahn	3	4-4	3	10	
Gardner	4	2-2	1	10	
Beaver	2	6-7	1	10	
D. Ellison	0	1-1	1	1	
Frankamp	0	0-1	1	0	



FRESHMAN JACK KISER . . . 6'3" center from Genoa has made a name for himself in the first four games of the season. He leads the team in individual scoring and was top point maker in his first two games.

The Phrase that Refreshes

By Bob Herrick

God rest your merry, Gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ, our Savior,
Was born upon this day.
Anon. Old Carol

'Most all the time, the whole
year round, there ain't no flies on
me,

But jest 'fore Christmas I'M as
good as I kin be!

Eugene Field.

Hmmmm—m!

Dear ones, I am just like you.
I cannot think of Christmas with-
out thinking of Christ.

The best of Men

That'er wore earth about Him
was a sufferer;

A soft, meek, patient, humble,
tranquil spirit,

The first true gentleman that
ever breathed.

Thomas Dekker

Hark, the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born king;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled.

MERRY CHRISTMAS.

American Indians used to eat
pine bark. We still do, only we
call it breakfast food.

It's a good thing that Moses
Didn't have to submit the Ten
Commandments to a council of
foreign ministers for approval.

York Drops 1st Conf. Tangle In Close One to Tarkio, 66-64

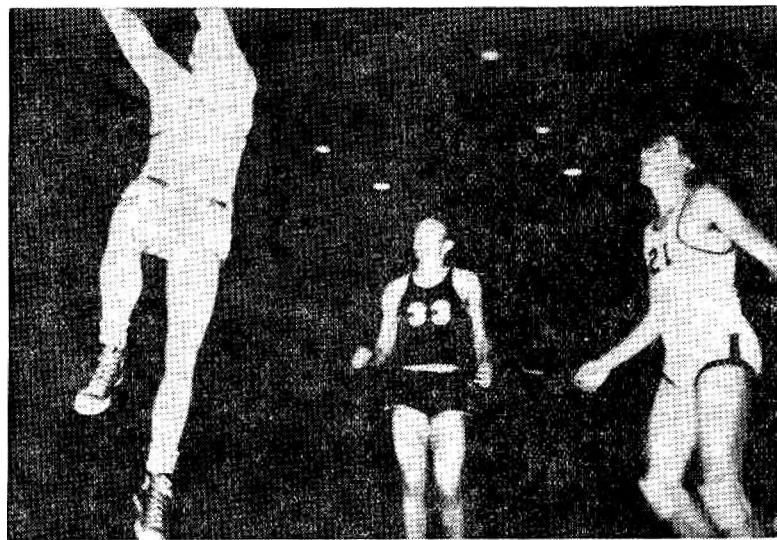
York's Panthers lost a close one to Tarkio in a rough and tumble, fast, exciting basketball game between the York Panthers and the Tarkio Owls. The only thing wrong with the game was that the Panthers came out on the short end of a 66-64 score. The score was tied 13 times before the Owls went ahead in the final seconds to stay. The largest point spread between the two teams was when Tarkio led 40-35 early in the second half.

The first stanza ended with the Owls holding on to a three-point lead, 13-10. Then in the second 10 minute period things looked more like a football game and the Panthers left the floor at the half-way mark owning a 31-28 lead. A rally in the last minute and a half of the second quarter put the York team in the lead at the half.

The two teams traded baskets throughout the 3rd period and when the smoke had cleared York led 52-51. Things really began to warm up and York jumped into their biggest lead of the night with a score of 54-51. Then the Owls came back and went ahead to stay when they led 62-60. The team from Missouri then stalled out the last 30 seconds to win by the final score of 66-64.

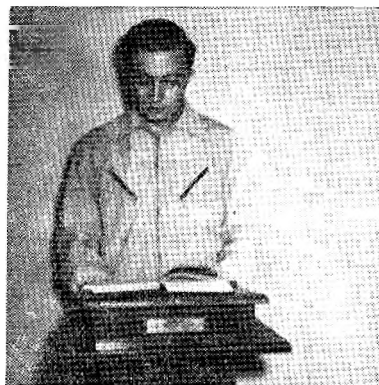
With this showing the Panthers showed the fans they can play good hard basketball. The rebounding was much better than in the Doane game and should show improvement with games to come. This game was the first CCC conference game for the Panthers and the second for Tarkio which shows that the conference should be a hot race for the title. Jack Kiser, freshman center again led the scoring by pumping in 14 points. He also played a good game off the backboards. Jim Beaver was next in line with 10 points. Beaver also played a very good defensive game. Lito Martinez showed plenty of scrap and saved a lot of buckets by tying the ball up. He also came through with 9 points.

In the "B" team game the Milford Trade School defeated the York seconds 61-42. Ruben Lopez led the Cubs with 14 count-



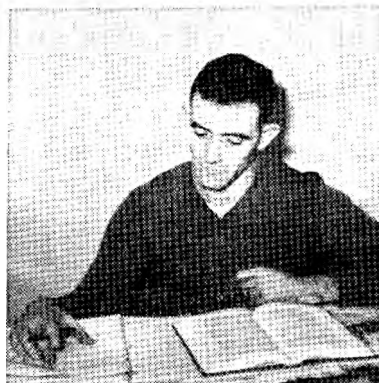
FRANK WOOTERS goes up for a tip in against the Midland team. The Panthers won from the Warriors 66-58 for the first win of the season.

SENIORITIES



Paul Woelfle

The ever present hint of a smile preceding a profound statement is characteristic of Paul Woelfle of Loveland, Colorado. Paul was the bass member of the traveling quartet this summer. English is his major and he plans on further schooling at Naperville Seminary after graduation. He is president of Y. M. C. A., gospel chairman of L. W. R., and a member of O. B. N.



Frank Wooters

Varsity star Frank Wooters plans to graduate mid-term. Frank, whose major is history, is a three year letterman in football and this fall shared co-captain honors with John Mann. Besides being an outstanding half-back, Frank stars in basketball and track. He holds the CCC conference 100 yard dash record. His activities include Y-Club and Student Council. Other interests are his wife and small daughter.

On the Cob . . .

By Bill

Happy broken ornaments and merry torn wrapping paper to ya. This is the time of the year we kill thousands of young trees and then wish for the old ones to keep us warm. We take part in shopping wars and then pray for world peace. Sometimes the kids get a Bible to read when they are old and the old folks play with the kid's toys. There is a brighter side to this picture even if Junior can get the most modern weapons of war with which to learn peace.

The tie manufacturers have a now "dip-painted" tie on the market. It is a plain white tie that will absorb breakfast food, eggs, etc., and look hand painted. No doubt the exchange counters will be very busy. Did you hear of the moron who held his tie for three days because he needed a tie clasp?

Due to the Korean situation Russia is having a unique Christmas. It seems the Reds are green with envy; some even get lit up. Joe does not want to exchange prisoners just now. If the average Russian sees or hears how poor the average American capitalist is he won't have anyone to fight. There are so many back and side doors in Wall Street that the walls are tottering. At the recent Senate investigation we are learning that some moneyed men are just moneyed, not men. It is peculiar that men will spend vast sums to defend themselves against the government and then not give the government anything to defend them.

Dr. Trotter, who times the dogs the world is going to, got some very interesting replies to his question, what do you want for Christmas? An American outpost in Korea would like an end to the organized confusion, a Russian post wants less organization and more confusion and a Chinese merchant wants a shipment of government tea that we threw away in Boston harbor last issue.

Here is a poem concerning the lack of knowledge that comes from an ex-grad. It concerns Bugology.

"Study as you will the flea,
You cannot tell the he from she;
The sexes look alike you see;
But he can tell and so can she."
The last request comes from me. Since the income of the individual is taxed so greatly I would like to know Santa's income tax. I think the government will find he is beating Uncle Sam under the clause called gifts. Maybe that is why he is called Santa Claus. Merry Christmas to you all.

"Pot Luck" Party Pre-holiday Feature

Saturday evening, December 15, the faculty of York College held a pot luck turkey supper at the home of Dr. and Mrs. W. P. Watkins. Mrs. Charles Boone, with the assistance of Mr. Clarence Attig, Dr. D. E. Wiedler, Miss Gladys Pearson, Mr. James Koontz, Miss Edith Callender, Mrs. Sill, Dr. Charles Ashcraft and Dean A. H. Bergen made the plans for the evening.

The children of the faculty took part in a short program as a token of Christmas. The program was concluded with group singing of the favorite Christmas carols.

Chapel Notes

by Robert Herrick

Because he had recently been disturbed at the lack of conviction and certainty at Y. M.-Y. W. conference, Dr. Savery took "Living with Certainty" as his topic for chapel.

From his talk these notes were thought-provoking, at least to the writer:

"We are surrounded by our God, and yet as the psalmist said, 'The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God.'"

"Be careful you don't shut your God in a little cage and keep Him there!"

"Faith cannot grow unless it is continually exercised."

"We must remember that God has eternity so He can take time to work His plans."

* * * * *

Mr. Fowles, the principal of York High School spoke on Honors Day. He had interesting things to say, including the following:

"The size of the institution does not measure its contribution. Smallness tends to produce leadership, for smallness brings more individual participation."

"This matter of fame is inconsequential after all; the dividing

Gifts of Gifts

by Jack Atkinson

O rise, ole soul of mine
And receive thy eternal gifts:
The crisp, cool snow, the smell
of pine,

The greatness of the dew's soft
kiss;

These are your gifts so fine.

There are no ties this Christmas
morn,
No socks, or shirts, or jewelry
chests;
But in their stead that great
horn
That lasts in spite of threats
Of war, and loss, and scorn.

So arise, ole soul of mine
For God has seen it fit
To have this wonderful gift
divine

The holy child, for our own
benefit.

line between applause and ap-
plause is very thin."

"The only measure of success is
the ratio between what one is and
what one could have been."

This adage was used in closing
his talk. "The coward never
started; the weak died on the way;
only the strong came through."